



Graff

original edition

The Newberry Library

The Everett D. Graff Collection
of Western Americana

4089

Jessie Taylor DeCamp —

author's daughter







SON OF THE STAR.

SKETCHES

OF

Frontier and Indian Life

ON THE

UPPER MISSOURI AND GREAT PLAINS

Embracing the Author's Personal Recollections of Noted
Frontier Characters, and Some Observations of Wild
Indian Life during a 'Twenty-Five Years'
Residence in the two Dakotas and
other Territories, Between
the Years 1864
and 1889.

By JOSEPH H. TAYLOR.

POTTSTOWN, PA.:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1889.

COPYRIGHT, 1889 BY
JOSEPH H. TAYLOR.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Bummer Dan	9
The Scalpless Brave and Daughter	15
Fort Berthold in 1869	23
A War Woman	34
The Letter in Cypher	46
Legend of the Painted Woods	53
The Doctor	59
Editor Kellogg	60
Early Days Around Fort Buford	75
A War Party of Three	82
Fort Phil Kearney	87
Charley Reynolds	92
An Indian Mother	108
Chief of the Renegade Arapahoes	118
A Fated War Party	130
McCall the Miner	137
Buckskin Joe	146
Incidents of Indian Warfare	156

Fort Totten Trail	162
Of a Grave in the Black Hills . .	169
With a Gros Ventre War Party . . .	176
Jim Brooks the Gambler	182
Northern Dakota Penitentiary . . .	187
The Winnebagoes	194
Some Subjects of Our Illustrations . . .	198
Miscellanies	206





JOSEPH H. TAYLOR.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

- ✓ *Son of the Star,*
✓ *To the Land of Deseret,*
✓ *Distant View of the Black Hills,*
✓ *Chief John Grass,*
✓ *Aricaree Hunting Lodge,*
✓ *Cheyennes going to Berthold in 1870,*
✓ *Joseph Deitrich,*
✓ *Spirit Lake Massacre in 1857,*
 Assinaboines Moving,
✓ *Across the Raton,*
✓ *Charley Reynolds,*
 Painted Woods Lake,
✓ *James A. Gayton,*
 Lake Mandan,
✓ *Dan Williams,*
 Old Timers,
✓ *Chief Joseph,*
✓ *New Timers,*
✓ *Long Feather,*
 The Eagles,
✓ *Joseph H. Taylor.*

→PREFACE←

The name of Upper Missouri is generally applied to that portion of the country drained by the Missouri River and its tributaries north of where it forms a junction with the Big Sioux River, though in the days of its early navigation the boatmen and fur traders who had first made the distinction, located the dividing line between the Upper and Lower Missouri at the mouth of Platte River in eastern Nebraska.

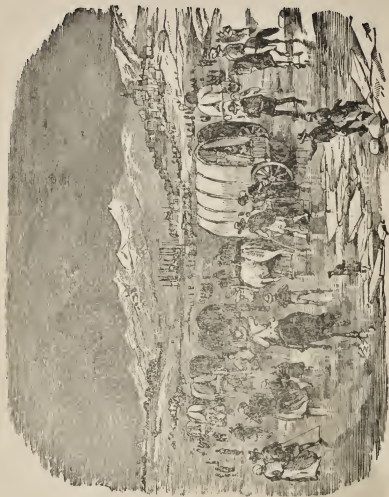
This vast region included in the Upper Missouri Valley remained for the most part a wilderness until the Union Pacific railroad crossed the Missouri River at Omaha in 1865, and then made but little change except along the line of the road, until the Northern Pacific reached Bismarck, Dakota, in 1872, since which time the changes have been marvelously rapid and complete in the great transformation, where the applied forces of modern civilization were butted against the last bulwark of the savage and his domain opened with a rush to the uses of a people superior in intellect and numbers and with mottoes carried flaunting on their pennons and advance guidons that "might makes right."

The object of this little book is to record in an humble way some of the passing events in these closing days of

frontier and wild Indian life on the great plains and north-east of them; tell of some characters of various shades—the good and the bad, the weak and the strong—called out as it were, to play the part assigned them by manager Fate, and in their acting I caught but a glimpse only, ere the putting out of the lights and fall of the curtain that hid them from view.

While there is no special chronological form in the order of the presentation of these sketches, yet each is complete in itself, at least so far as the principal characters are concerned. And furthermore no attempt is made to give more than a passing notice of the tribal history of the Indians of the Upper Missouri in these pages, the author hoping in a short time to follow this with a more pretentious work, on what he believes to be, so far as their legendary history is concerned, the most interesting of the American aboriginal nations.





TO THE LAND OF DESERET.

Bummer Dan.

A FEW miles north of Omaha, Nebraska, on the river road, there nestles on a plain near a low sloping bluff the pretty little hamlet of Florence. It had been a business town of some fame before the former city was thought of. It was here on the flats surrounding the village that many hundreds of the Latter Day Saints or Mormons rested and recruited after their expulsion from their temple at Nauvoo, by Illinois militia in 1846, before making final ready for their long journey across the great plains and over mountains to their future homes in the "Land of Deseret."

During the early days of the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, the ordinary quiet of the little village was sometimes rudely disturbed by passing gangs of raftsmen and tie cutters in the railroad's employ, who were in permanent camp in the forests around the neighboring village of Rockport.

On one occasion during the early summer of 1866, the writer, belated, had occasion to put up one evening at the public stopping place in the village. Sometime during the night I was awakened by loud cries and confused sounds coming

from the direction of a camp of lumbermen near by who had also occasion to pass the night at Florence. By the light of the moon's pale beams a crowd of men were seen beating and kicking by turns, an apparently friendless man lying upon the ground in the centre of the maddened throng. He was alternately groaning in pain or shrieking with fright and calling aloud for mercy. The injured man was finally rescued by the village constable and taken out of harm's way. He had been accused of stealing a blanket from one of the party to cover his almost naked body from the crisp night air. He was moneyless and friendless—a conjunction of circumstances by no means unusual to a wandering tramp on the public highway. They all came before the town Justice next morning and a curiosity born of the spectral scene of the previous night prompted my attendance. I was somewhat surprised to see in the disfigured and swollen form setting in a prisoner's dock of impromptu make, before me, a resemblance to the familiar features of Bummer Dan whom I had often seen on the streets of Denver and other Rocky Mountain towns. The examination proved my surmise correct, and on the Justice being informed who his prisoner was, he discharged him with the injunction to move on his way.



Bummer Dan! What strange thoughts that homely name conjures up in memory's train!

Oh, weary and unfortunate wanderer, how many a kick—how many a cuff put upon you—your blotched countenance and scarred body bear witness! What curses have been heaped after you and around you, old man, as you trudged slowly along life's pathway—a route to you ever dark and ever dreary! Oh, Goddess Fortuna, what pranks! Are the Fates ever proclaiming "What is to be, will be"?



In the year 1858 gold was discovered in paying quantities near Pike's Peak, Colorado, and from the far east and south came swarms of adventurers to meet on common ground under the shadows of that great snow-capped dome, the bronzed gold hunter from the Pacific coast and Mexican ranges. From these defiles of the mountains of Colorado roving parties branched out and followed the windings of the deep canons or surmounted the barriers of the rocky walls, from the fiery summits of Popocateptl on the south to the frozen regions of the arctic.

One of these reckless prospecting parties, after hardships that tested their powers of endurance to the uttermost tension, found themselves in the early summer of 1862, exploring the country about the headwaters of the Yellowstone, when a lucky find placed them in possession of mines near the famous Virginia gulch, one of the solid stones in the foundation of Montana's after pros-

perity. With this party of prospectors was a vigorous, able-bodied and generous-hearted Irishman, who had been the life of his party during its sorest trials. He was known by name as Daniel McMahon, and at their first streaks of success he staked down a good claim which proved a veritable homestake, as he soon after found a ready purchaser who allowed him therefor eighty thousand dollars in good honest gold.

"And now Daniel McMahon," some soft voice seemed to whisper to him in his moments of ease and quiet, "your fortune is made at last, and your hard labors are over. Away, then, over the great ocean to the green Island of your childhood. Your old father and your mother are ever praying for you and hoping for the return of their wandering son. They are old and careworn now, and the sight of your manly form would give them good cheer. Then, there is another over there, who has counted the hours almost of the long weary years of your absence, but whose heart is ever true to you—ever lingers in realms of fadeless hope—since the day you gave her your last farewell. Away, Daniel McMahon, away."



A successful mining camp is generally a noisy one. Miners coming in and miners going out like an active swarm of bees in a season of flowers. This camp near Virginia gulch was no exception.

Daniel McMahan hustled around among his comrades and friends until he had provided himself with a traveling outfit to take him to a place below Boseman's ferry where he hoped to overtake a party of miners who were encamped there, preparing to return by flatboat down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers on their passage to the States. He found two other miners who like himself were bound homeward and would accompany him on his journey. After a leave-taking and a "wish you a safe journey" from his friends at Virginia the three passed out of sight down the valley. A day later and still another party left the gulch for the same destination on the same trail. At a lonely point on the mountains below Boseman's this last party came upon a man lying near the roadway unconscious and breathing in labored moans. It proved to be McMahan. He had evidently been robbed by his two late companions of all his wealth and with his head battered out of shape by a bludgeon left for dead, and better—far better for him than that death had spread around him its dark mantle and closed the tragic scene. But fate was not done with him yet. There he lay—yesterday the wealthy and popular miner; to-day—unconscious, a blank; and to-morrow—Bummer Dan.

=

At the Custer House, in Bismarck, North Dakota, on the 26th of October 1888, there came swaggering up to the clerk's desk a tall, ungainly, rough looking man with a Winchester rifle thrown across his right shoulder. After calling for a pen to register he took the gun from his shoulder and placed it with gingerly care in the hands of the clerk, and as he did so said with a voice in strange contrast with his looks: "Take good care of this gun stranger, it never fired but one mean shot since it was made, and that was four years ago at the Black Hills when it killed old Bummer Dan."



DISTANT VIEW OF THE BLACK HILLS.

The Scalpless Brave and Daughter.

THERE is an old custom among the wild tribes of the northern plains that when a warrior is struck down in war by an enemy, scalped and yet survive, he must never allow his kindred or member of his tribe to see his face again.

A coward in battle may lose cast for a time, his seat in the council house may become vacant or be filled by another—his painted face and form is no longer seen at the war dance—or in extreme cases he may be forced to don a woman's dress; but with these exceptions his home life goes smoothly on.

But a warrior though brave as an Achilles or as reckless as an Ajax in battle, who falls in the front of his line and his reeking forlock torn from his head in the tumult, and yet arise from the ground a living man, he must wander forever like a hunted coyote upon the wild wilderness to shun and be shunned by the humans of the earth. Woe, woe, then to the scalpless brave.

One summer's day about the year 1845, so the Aricarees say, an outpost of that tribe was attacked by a war party of northern Sioux near their village at old Fort Clark, and most of the

guard were struck down, scalped and mutilated. The surviving members of the band fled to their camp, spread the alarm and in company of a wailing concourse of friends returned to view the dead. Their astonishment was great on beholding at the place where the guards had seen one of their number weltering in his gore and being mutilated by their foes, nothing but the hands and feet lying dismembered near the blood clots, and the trunk nowhere to be seen. As the place was dangerous from prowling bands of their enemies, the Aricaree mourners, after making such disposition of the dead as their custom allowed, hastened back to the main village and told their story. The medicine men for answer gave only a gloomy shake of the head.

It was about three years after the events here related, that a camp of south Assinaboines came to the Aricaree and Mandan villages on a mission of peace. They complained that some of their people were being mysteriously murdered in unlooked for places; that no sign of an enemy could be seen save a track that seemed made by neither man nor beast. The Aricarees now, also, called to mind that strange and unaccountable tracks had been seen around their own village, which invariably led out on the open plain. They were seen in the early morning before the dew on the grass was dried by the rays of the rising sun.





ARICAREE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

These mysteries were in a manner explained sometime later by an adventurous hunting party of Aricarees who, in beating up the game in the broken defiles of the Little Missouri bad lands, came unexpectedly upon an opening to a strange looking den in which were scattered about the bones of horses, elk, deer, antelope and wolves in great heaps, as well as some bones that seemed of the human kind. And what seemed stranger still to the now terrified discoverers, was the curious imprints on the gumbo soil that seemed very like those that they had seen around their own village. The party concluded that they were at the cave-home of some scalpless warrior, and with a sudden fear taking possession of them they fled hastily to their homes to relate a wondrous story.

As time passed on the mysterious tracks around the village of the Aricarees still continued. They were oftentimes traced within the enclosure, even up to the lodge of the widow of him whose body disappeared so unaccountably at the outpost near old Fort Clark many years before. This woman remained unmarried since the fatal day her husband fell, and remained in the lodge of her parents caring for her child, the daughter of this unfortunate Aricaree. One night, this child, then near seven years of age, was fretting and crying as other little children are wont to do, when the impatient mother exclaimed "stop your noise or I will throw you out the door for your buggaboo

father to catch"; an expressive signification from the haunted woman. The crying child not hushing immediately the irate mother flung her little one out the doorway, when after a sharp piercing yell all was silent from the outside. The mother after her flash of anger over, called aloud for her child to come inside, but neither child nor answer came to her summons. She went outside calling



ARICAREE HUNTING LODGE.

aloud through the darkness, but still no answer. Now thoroughly aroused she went from lodge to lodge and her eager inquiries was uniformly answered by the negative word "cok-kee." She searched high and low, near and far, but searched in vain. Days passed, months passed, and years went slowly on, but the thoroughly repentant and grief-sticken mother never saw her child again.



The Crees of Lake Winnepeg during years of scarcity, in days past, went hunting the buffalo in the country of the southern Assinaboines, on and about the headwaters of Mouse river. In one of these wandering journeys by a band of this tribe about the year 1855, they became snow bound on the Riviere du Lac, a tributary stream of the Mouse. On a bitter cold and stormy day when snow was drifting in wild flurries about the sheltered camp, two mounted persons suddenly appeared within the line that savage custom binds the inmates to a hospitable reception of the strangers, coming from what tribe they may. One of these visitors seemed a huge wolf mounted on horseback. It was encased from head to foot in the shaggy coat of the white buffalo wolf, the fiercest of its kind on the plains. The face of this figure had a wolf's mask and ears stood erect as from a wolf's head. The other figure was that of Indian maid of matchless beauty in both face and form. She was wrapped in a mantle of the silk otter with a whitened frock

from the tanned skins of the antelope, moccasins of a winter pattern from an elk hide and a gaudy head dress completed her wardrobe, while her fiery and gaily caparisoned steed chafed discontentedly with his bit. Such were the strangers that greeted the wondering Crees. "I am a child of the Aricarees" said the maid as she lightly dismounted and extended a hand to the advancing chief. "Yes," replied the red gallant, "none but the Aricaree have such handsome women."

Need the reader be told that these visitors in the Cree camp were none other than the cave dweller of the Little Missouri bad lands, and his daughter—the missing child of the Aricaree village. For several long years they had lived in the trackless plains or the dreary wastes of the bad lands. How the man existed in the earlier part of his career without feet or hands or mutual assistance from companion help is one of those unraveled mysteries of wilderness life. The father and daughter received a warm welcome—were feasted and fed then as the primitive Indian always do to the hungry or tired out stranger guests. The girl's gaiety and beauty soon won her a husband from among the young hunters of the tribe, while the scalpless brave, always dressed in his wolf mask, remained around the camp until the grass became green on the prairies when he disappeared one morning before the light and was never heard of more.

Ocean Man was a petty Cree chief. He was one of the few Indians of that tribe of the far interior who had ever gazed upon the waters of the wide ocean. From some high point where the waters of Hudson's Bay pour out into the mighty deep had he beheld the Atlantic's vast expanse and its foamy billows dash themselves on the rocks about him. Hence his name.

In September, 1882, this chief, with eight men and their several families of women and children, left their homes on the Saskatchewan river, southward for the plains in North Dakota, to hunt the last band of wild buffalo that was seen or ever will be seen on *Reviere du Lac*. They came in forced marches to the plains around White Buffalo Lake without scarcely a halt other than the regular night rests. But now, at this place, so near their journey's end and within good range of game they decided to take a few days of ease.

At sundown on the day after encamping, while the hunters were gathering in their ponies for the night, some of them espied objects in the distance, but owing to the heated and disturbed atmosphere, seemed like a mass of buffalo and a shout of joy passed from one another of the little party at the sight, for now feasts of plenty would reign the hour. But, see, they come closer now! How sudden the transitions of thought! How strangely the heart beats now in those who saw the glimmer of bright sunshine fade, and death's pall throwing out its

misty shades around them. The moving objects are plainly discerned now! Not buffalo but a large body of horsemen moving down upon them with the swiftness of the wind.

Now, Cree husbands and fathers, be firm! Nerve your hearts, to duty and danger, as never before been tried. Around you and about you are your all. Poor, frightened Cree mothers and helpless little ones, go hide yourselves quick, and hide yourselves well. The yelling demons bearing down upon you are a war party of Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees—they have come to avenge the death of a murdered comrade, and if victorious will kill you all.

from Winchester rifles—replies coming from the muzzle loaders in the hands of the Crees behind the cart beds, feeble from the first but soon ceasing altogether, and then the horsemen dismount to hack and scalp the dead. Among the slain was a dying woman with two dead children tightly clasped to her breast. Her last mute appeal—the sign of the Aricaree—had been unanswered, and with the last gasp of this dying mother—by war's strange and tragic twists the blood line of the scalpless warrior was ended.

Fort Berthold in 1869.

EARLY in the spring months of 1869, the restless Sioux of the Missouri river agencies commenced gathering in small war parties for one more general raid against the remnants of the Mandan, Gros Ventres and Aricaree Indians of the Fort Berthold agency. The ceaseless struggle that had reached beyond a century of years between these warlike combatants was now, to all appearances, being settled in favor of the former nation. Almost before the buffalo grass was in flower, Sioux sentinels stood silently on the bluffs around the beleaguered village, like watchful falcons seeking opportunities to dart at their unguarded prey. Squads dashed here and there to intercept hunting parties and destroy them, thus reducing the village to gaunt famine. With this in view by Sioux, a fight took place with a hunting party, both of the opposing chiefs having each a son, meet in combat, when both fell mortally wounded.

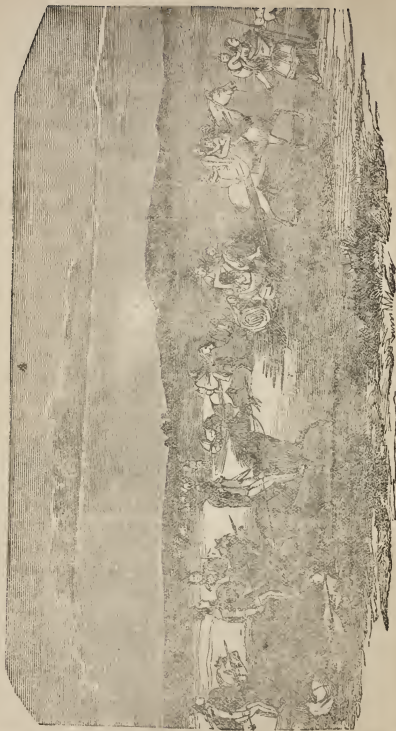
Signal glasses, rock and smoke signs, were observed in ominous frequency by the allied watchers from their house towers, on almost every line of high bluffs in view. Women were

shot down and scalped while tending their little garden patches within call of the village; one man being shot in the centre of the street after nighfall, a Sioux spy shooting to save himself, he then easily escaping. Horses disappeared nightly from the pastures—from the pickets, and even from the lodges of the sleeping owners, for in dangerous times the allied warrior's horse shares his own lodge and oftentimes his food.

These scenes with an occasional shift or variation, were but the repetition year after year for long dreary decades of the past to the Mandan, Gros Ventres and Aricarees. Their fixed habitations made them a surer prey to the hostile nomadic tribes. They were located and easily found. On the other hand when it became necessary to strike back these Berthold tribes had an uncertain hunt before them. A camp of Sioux was almost always on the move. In this way the Sioux became the hunters and Fort Berthold bands the hunted, a clear disadvantage to the latter. Witness the destruction of the Aricaree villages on Grand river and Moreau, of the massacre of Mandans at their two villages on Apple creek, and of the almost total annihilation of the Anahaways near Square Buttes. All these disasters to the allied Indians of fixed residences happened within the past century. Numerically they had been reduced nine-tenths in the same period of time, although small pox and cholera were the principal

cause of their decimation. Even in warding off these destructive diseases the Sioux had the advantage of their stationary neighbors as on its first appearance the camp would break up and scatter to every point of the compass like a brood of frightened prairie chickens, and thereby escaping the danger of a general infection.

The confederated bands of the Sioux in 1869, exclusive of the Assinaboines, their northern brothers, numbered somewhere about forty thousand. They were the only wild Indians on the American continent growing strong in the face of white civilization, without attempting to conform to its usages, other than adapting themselves to the use of certain kinds of clothing, a watchful regard for the implements of war and a careful training in their use. They were rich in horses and trained from boyhood in the saddle. By a treaty the year previous with the Government, immense herds of Texas cattle had been issued to them, which, with the vast herds of buffalo that as yet roamed over their extensive domain, placed them as a tribe or nation in a prosperous position. Trading posts had been established at convenient distances by the great Durfee & Peck company from whose establishments improved fire arms and metallic ammunition could be purchased in quantities to suit the demands of their customers. The company's policy like that in more civilized communities was to favor their best customers,



CHEYENNES ON THEIR WAY TO BERTHOLD IN 1870.

and these, in this instance, was the prosperous and haughty Sioux.

The Fort Berthold bands had none of these advantages. The three tribes numbered scarcely two thousand, all told, and of this number the Aricarees were counted one half. They had also made a treaty with the Government—had ceded large tracts of lands for promises unfulfilled. A pair of pants to a chief, a shawl for some female favorite, was about all that reached them after passing through the gauntlet where the agent, the inspector and the issuing clerk took turns in their stand along the line for the "whack up." Then above all and first of all came the immense maw of the Durfee & Peck company, whose resident agents were superior to the Government ones inasmuch as the potent influences of that company governed their appointments and tenure of office.

What interests had the Durfee & Peck establishment in the poor starving ragamuffin horde cooped up in the Indian village at Fort Berthold? They had nothing to trade. Not even the satisfaction of handling their own "wakupominy" or presents.

Over forty had died since February, by actual or partial starvation, in addition to those mowed down by the arrows and bullets of the Sioux. No attempt was made to alleviate this state of affairs by the company's agent or by the agent of the Government. True, some attempt had been made to better their situation by the military authori-

ties at the neighboring post at Fort Stevenson, but their authority was restricted in the premises and of little benefit.

Having nothing to trade they had no arms for defense save a few muzzle loading rifles and shot guns, and some bows and arrows, pikes and war clubs, making up their complement of equipments, to match in battle an enemy many times more numerous and by all odds the best equipped and best armed Indians within the limits of the Republic.

Such was the daily observation and reflection of the writer during the month of May of that year, while the guest of Jefferson Smith, an ex-trader in the camp of the Gros Ventres. On the first day of June, I moved to a wood camp three miles up the river from the Fort, at the Indian crossing. The first night I was initiated in Missouri wood yard life by having a night surround by a Sioux war party, when on the first alarm, my companions, Reeder and Pete Beauchamp, jr., jumping out of the door with the cheering remark, that "we will not stay here to be killed." The cabin was not attacked, though the surrounding woods was raided and thirty ponies belonging to Indians at the Fort were run off by Sioux.

On the morning of the 6th of June the steamer Submarine landed at our yard to take on wood. It had just returned from the mountains and reported a large Sioux war party on each side of the river

a few miles above us. With this boat came as passenger from the mouth of Musselshell river, a frontiersman who had "made his name." He had on board of the steamer, about thirty whitened skulls of Santee Sioux, from which he had boiled the flesh in big kettles while stopping at Clendening's trading post. It appeared that the post had been attacked about a month before by about sixty of Standing Buffalo's band of Santees, and very fortunate for Clendening's men, a crowd of wolfers and buffalo hunters happened along about the same time. The Santees were on foot and finding the garrison stronger than they had first calculated on, attempted a retreat. In this, however, they were foiled by the good generalship of Grennell, a noted character, and ably seconded by Johnson the head-boiling passenger above referred to. The outcome was, the Indians were flanked and hemmed in a deep cut, and half of them exterminated. The whites lost but one. It was after the fight that our worthy received his name, viz:—Liver Eating Johnson. He was afterwards a trusty scout on military expeditions.

On the morning of the 8th, the final struggle came. My companions had started for the Fort the day previous, leaving me alone with a small revolver and shot gun as weapons of defense. About eight o'clock the Painted Man, an Aricaree, who had been hunting deer in the woods,

heretofore, with bow and arrows on account of its noiselessness, came up to the cabin and asked me for the loan of the gun for a short time. On giving him permission to take it, he hurriedly started off. His nervous actions excited my suspicions and I followed out the trail to the timber opening, where a surprising situation was in store. Midway between the place from where I was viewing, and the Fort, was a sparsely timbered coulee called Four Bears. Here in plain view I could see hundreds of mounted Indians riding in circles in apparently, great excitement. It was an Indian battle. For over two hours, from a tree perch I watched the savage combatants. The wind was blowing a gale and at times dust almost hid them from view, but slowly and surely the mass of men and horses were receding to the bluffs and I then felt satisfied the Aricarees and their allies had won the day. And it so proved.

At sundown, Painted Man returned with the gun and his apologies. He brought a fresh and bleeding scalp lock, the gun encased in a new beaded gun cover and some other trophies. The gun did well and we were both satisfied. Later in the evening the balance of the party came and the story all told. When the Sioux were first discovered they were riding the challenge, and then made a mad rush for the village. They numbered near five hundred men. Behind the stark warriors came one hundred women—veritable war wo-

men—to dance in expectation, over the clotted dead amid the smouldering ruins of the last village of their hereditary enemies. It was a characteristic Indian battle where the warrior shouts and talks as he fights. In a lull, White Shield, the old but valiant chief of the Aricarees, rode out between the hostile lines like the leaders of the ancient Saracens before the grim walls of Damascus and Antioch. "I am old," he shouted, "my teeth are bad, I can't eat corn and am ready to die. Will my enemy meet me—will my enemy come." No answer was made to the challenge, though savage chivalry forbid him harm until he returned to the ranks.

While the Sioux were flying from the field pursued by their enemies a sudden shower of hail and rain fell from an almost cloudless sky. "Hold, my men, hold," again shouted White Shield, "the Great Spirit warns us—let them go."

A few weeks before the fight, a young Sioux, the son of White Bull, of the Minneconjous, became a guest of the Mandans. By inter-tribal law and adherence to a savage's code of honor, he must assist his entertainers in their hour of need even as against his friends and relatives on the field of battle. The young warrior was on hand at the first sound of alarm, and with a Winchester rifle, the only one used in the fight by the allied tribes on the field. He was in the fore of the fight and his gun did great execution. When

the victors returned to the village, amidst cheers and tears of the anxious ones on the house tops. The young Minneconjou was particularly sought out by the red maids and showered with caresses, which was some consolation to him, as on his return home a few weeks later, he was showered with clubs.

The Sioux lost forty killed and wounded and the Fort Berthold bands about half of that number. But the end was not yet.

On a branch of Heart river, August 1st, 1869, there lay encamped the lower Yanktoneys under the old chief Two Bears. They had taken the leading part in all the hostile attacks against the Indians of Fort Berthold, for many years. In the spring raids the old chief had lost two sons. He followed the promptings of his people rather than his own inclinations and was preparing once more to invest the doomed village on the Missouri. He had offers of assistance of the Two Kettles, lower Uncpapas and Grass's band of Blackfeet. It was from this valley of the Heart that the war parties would be made up. The women and children had remained thus far with the camp, as no particular danger was anticipated. For weeks past the lonely widow or mother had mourned from the hill tops in sobs and moans for the fallen braves of the coulee of Four Bears.

On this first day of August a hot simoon had been blowing from the South, when at noon the wind lulled and a stifling calm followed. The ponies, tethered or picketed stood in restful quiet under some shades of scattering cottonwood. The drowsy mother—the child tired out with its rompings in the grass, and the warrior exhausted from the morning scout or hunt—all lay sleeping peacefully in the shade of their lodges. The sentinals alone remained at their posts, though even there Morpheus beckoned not in vain. Such of those that were awake at about two o'clock could have noticed a stiff breeze setting in from the west. They could have observed—if such a common thing was noticeable—a wolf raising itself on a point of hill west of the camp and about a mile away. He was surveying the camp with a wolfish curiosity. After frisking in a small circle he disappears over the brow of the hill from view. Do you notice now, sleepy sentinel, a little wiff of smoke raising from the direction of the wolf's trail? Do you notice how hard the west wind blows? Have you noticed how dry the grass is? You should have, if you did not! A howling, shrieking girdle of fire-flame is upon you, and while some of you may save yourselves in the creek bed, your camp and your horses are lost.

A War Woman.

WITH the increase of population and mining operations in Montana after the discovery and opening of the gold mines in 1862, and the construction of additional military posts along the Upper Missouri, came also, the increase of the boating business between the city of Saint Louis, Missouri, and Fort Benton, Montana, the last named place being the head of navigation on the Missouri river.

In the years 1867-8 and 9, the tonnage of freight transported up this river was enormous, over thirty steamers being constantly employed during the season of navigation in its transportation.

While the wood along the timbered bends for nearly a thousand miles of the steamer's course, could be had for the chopping and taking for steam heating and other necessary purposes, yet the difficulty and loss of time by the boats crew in finding dry wood within the range of the tie-up, led the owners and captains of these steamers to induce a class of men to establish woodyards at convenient distances apart along the banks bordering the channel of the stream. Each camp or

yard, for the most part acting independent of the other, the price of wood being regulated by its particular location, or the quality of the wood in rank.

The life led by these isolated men, was, owing to the hundreds of miles of territory roamed over by bands of hostile Indians, likened unto a guard or sentinel continually at his post. His life or property was ever insecure. Thus during the years above mentioned, nearly or quite one-third of these choppers so employed lost their lives, the wood destroyed and stock run off by Indians.

A party of this class of men, together with some professional hunters, wolfers and trappers, having congregated at the Painted Woods, a heavy body of timber on the Missouri, midway between the military posts of Forts Rice and Stevenson, during the autumn of 1869, a band of eleven of them was enlisted by two enterprising woodyard proprietors, to open up a new yard between that point and Fort Stevenson.

The point selected was called Tough Timber, now known as Walker's Point, McLean County. Here on the 11th of November of that year, was commenced the second and last fortified stockade ever erected within the boundaries of that North Dakota county. The first being Fort Mandan, erected at Elm Point in November 1804, by the famous Lewis and Clark exploring expedition. The buildings at Tough Timber which consisted

of two large log shacks facing each other, with a horse stable at the side, the whole enclosed with a picket of sharpened upright logs. It was located near the lower end of the timber at some large cottonwood trees and within one hundred yards of the river bank.

About the first of December rumors reached the Missouri of an uprising of the half breeds and others in the present province of Manitoba, and a provisional government set in motion by the insurgents, with headquarters at Fort Garry, a Hudson Bay Fur Company post which they had captured. The insurrection grew out of some injustice done the resident half breeds by the government of Ontario. It was charged by the Canadian authorities, however, that the whole trouble originated in the fertile brain of Hon. Enos Stutsman, a U. S. custom house officer at Pembina and member of the Dakota Territorial Legislature. How true the charges were is not positively known, but it is generally admitted he drafted their Bill of Rights, and their Constitution and was an intimate adviser of General Louis Riel the insurgent leader.

In the midst of this excitement, a commission was received by John George Brown, a well known border man, from General Reil, asking him to organize a body of frontiersmen and come at once to his assistance. Brown was an Irishman, was married to a Cree half breed woman, and it was

said he had formerly been an officer in the British army. At the time of receiving the commission he was post interpreter at Fort Stevenson. An organization for Riel's assistance was attempted along the Missouri river, but the grand flumix to the whole concern was reached at General Wolsey's approach with his British regulars and Canadian militia, when the insurgent leaders fled and the threatened invasion of her Majesty's domain by Upper Missouri bordermen "indefinitely postponed."

On New Year's day, 1870, two Aricaree hunter's came to Tough Timber and asked to encamp within the gates of the stockade, as they claimed to have had fears that hostile Sioux were in the neighborhood. The next morning the writer was awakened by a scream like that made by an owl in trouble. The sound having come from the direction of one of my wolf traps, I prepared to venture out to its release. "Hold on," said Red Shields, one of the Aricarees, "Sioux, it's a Sioux." At the word both saddled up, mounted their ponies and struck out through the woods in the direction of the prairie. It was but the break of day and to that fact was due their escape, as we afterwards learned a Sioux war party had invested our stockade all night for these two scalps, but on discovering them riding on the prairie gave chase that continued until the bad lands were reached, where Red Shields made a stand against

twenty-five of his pursuers; was badly wounded, but tying himself on his pony the faithful beast brought him in safety to his lodge. Behind him, like a pack of half famished wolves, who increased in numbers as they came on, until over two hundred Sioux warriors bore down neck and neck with him on the surprised village at Fort Berthold.

The Sioux had well calculated on the absence of the principal part of the village inhabitants being out in their usual winter hunting quarters several miles further up the river, and but little resistance could be expected to their determined destruction of the helpless little town.

But Major Wainwright, the gallant and humane commandant of Fort Stevenson, had also made a calculation. A courier from Fort Rice had already apprised him of the expected war party, and that officer knowing the defenseless condition of the remaining Indians at the agency—being for the most part the aged and infirm—had sent up a part of a battery of artillery under the charge of a good gunner, and the pieces were masked in an old dirt lodge, meeting the charging Sioux with a belch of grape and canister. This was so unexpected to the over-confident warriors that they were dazed and thrown in a panic, scattered, and fled over the river among the bluffs southeast of the Fort.

On this same afternoon a meeting was held at the Tough Timber, by all that were congregated

there at the time, over a deer roast with a big open fire, and discussion about joining Riel's rebellion, when all were brought to their feet by the several sounds of rapid artillery firing echoing and re-echoing along the bends and bluffs of the frozen river. It was at once surmised by all present, from the direction of the sounds, that a fight was going on near Fort Berthold, and that the use of artillery meant that the soldiers were taking a hand. We also concluded that Sioux defeat by soldier interference would prompt them in their hour of humiliation and rage, to attack the first outlying woodyard in their homeward path, and that meant ours. All haste was made, therefore, at once for vigorous defense of the stockade.

An anxious night followed at the woodyard. At early dawn I was detailed to take a walk around outside of the stockade, and after an hour's stalking, returned with the report that nothing unusual could be seen. But the report was hardly made before a vigorous thumping was heard at the outside gate, when all jumped for their rifles. Johnny Deitrich, who meantime peered through a porthole, whispered in seeming accents of alarm, "a war woman."

A war woman! Shadows of the blood-thirsty Stataans, of the Upper Platte river, where the war women, hideously dressed and painted, rode beside the warriors in every fray to hack and mutilate the dead! War woman, long the sacred fe-

male of the Pawnee and Aricarees of old—who led every forlorn hope or accompanied every enterprise of desperate danger, and stood “medicine” at every calamity! War woman—the ghoul of the Lipian of the Mexican border, and blood drinking fiend of the Kiowas! Who amongst us at such a time and such a place wanted to see a war woman?

Yet the gate was unbolted and she was bidden to enter to which invitation she quickly accepted, and came in and seated herself with modest mien. She was tightly wrapped in a long blanket of spotless white. Her age might have been about thirty years, and the blue star tattooed on her forehead and cut of features told us without asking that she was of the Sioux nation. Being at this time the only one of the party with any knowledge of the Sioux language, I was commissioned interpreter, and asked her where she was going.

“Fort Stevenson,” she answered.

She then told her story. She was of the Black foot band of Sioux, and while visiting Grand River Agency learned of a war party making up under the lead of young John Grass to revenge the disasters that had befallen Two Bears and his Yanktoney during the summer. For the sake of an Aricaree husband with whom she had just left for a visit to her relatives, she determined to save them by a timely warning, and to do this she must start at once through a deep snow along the Missouri, a distance of two hundred miles. To avoid





JOHN GRASS.

detection she must go on foot. Her journey had been a most trying one. The intense cold, the crusted sand bars and danger at night from mountain lions or wolves while camping in some cheerless willow patch, and a scanty supply of pemmican and corn, and even that being finally exhausted where actual starvation was averted by the timely find of a frozen buck deer in an air hole near Mandan Lake, were some of her perils. All for her Aricaree husband's sake. Her courage heretofore so bravely held up, finally gave way at the mouth of Knife river, but an hour before her arrival at the stockade. Here, while dragging herself slowly along, John Grass and his defeated war party of two hundred came suddenly out to view from along Knife river's frozen bed. What could she do? By Indian law discovery was death. But worse to her than death was the knowledge, now, that her mission was a failure. It was snowing, and by a rare presence of mind she sank quietly in the snow and enveloped in her white blanket, the whole party passed without discovering her, though all passing in view, but a hundred yards away. Her concluding expression was: "I have but to go on to my husband's lodge now. I cannot ever again return to the Blackfeet."

The morning following was intensely cold. The thermometer registering forty degrees below zero, with a fierce cutting wind blowing down from the dreary frozen north. The Sioux woman, already

badly frost-bitten in face, feet and hands, on her dreary trip, would hazard herself to inclement elements again, for she determined to resume her journey in search of her Aricaree brave. At Fort Stevenson she was hailed by the post sentry, but on recognition she was allowed to pass by. Her pace quickened now ; her frosted face reddened in feverish glow as she sped on. See, her husband's lodge is still at the old place, and she has sighted it ; her heart-beats grow tremulous and fast. The door is reached—reached at last poor woman. With an expectant and joyful bound she raises the door flaps and stood unannounced within. With one wild look no artist can imitate, nor imagination portray, she sank down on the mat of skins at the doorway. Her husband was indeed there, but by his side sat a younger and fairer female face.

In June, 1876, I took charge of Rhude's Turtle Creek Ranch while its owner was sight-seeing across Minnesota's fair and flowery fields. One foggy morning about the first of the month, and just as the sun was rising, I heard a loud and distinct Indian yell. It came from the high bluff just across the creek, and opposite the ranch a hundred yards away. On going to the door, to my dismay, nearly one hundred and fifty Indians were ranged along the bluffs, mounted and sitting complaisantly in their saddles. One, in stentorian tones, demanded of me in the Sioux dialect, to

know where the crossing place was, and by this sign I knew they were strangers. After passing around to the ford, they crossed and the whole crew came galloping up around the ranch, when an oldish man dismounted, and advancing with arms folded—an unfriendly sign—he said in the unmistakable dialect of the Santees;

“Do you know Little Mountain?”

“Yes, I replied, “I know you, Little Mountain. I met you on the ridges of the upper White Earth two years ago when you were leaving the buffalo grounds for your home in the land of your white mother.”

“Land of my white mother,” he repeated in sarcastic tones, and after helping himself to a drink of water, remounted his horse and with a wave of his hand ordered his command forward. One alone remained—a female—the only one I had noticed in the party. She sat motionless on her horse while a pair of intensely black eyes were peering out toward me from beneath the folds of her hooded blanket, for a moment, then dropping the mask, said:

“Do you remember me?”

After a glance at her weather-beaten countenance for a moment, recognition came, though seven years had passed, and then but the acquaintance of a day. I told her, finally, who I thought she was.

“You have nothing to fear from us here,” she said quietly, as she rode out to rejoin her compan-

ions. While watching the war party ascending the bluffs, my thoughts again reverted to the chief. His words "do you know Little Mountain?" were again recalled. Yes I long knew him, but under another name. I knew of him since that cold December day in 1857, when under the leadership of Inkpadutah, he and party destroyed the town of Spirit Lake, Iowa, and killed its inhabitants.



SPIRIT LAKE MASSACRE.

I had heard of his cold hand and stony heart in the Minnesota massacre of 1862. and when pressed by avenging troops he fled with chief Little Six over to Fort Garry and claimed refuge and a home on British soil. But unlike his chief was not enveigled back to the American side to be strangled to death.

Had I the eyes of futurity I could have seen more on that June morning. I could have seen this warrior band after leaving the bluffs of Turtle creek, head directly for the Indian crossing at Upper Knife river; could have seen them, after crossing the Missouri river, take the high divide for the mouth of Powder river, thence up the Yellowstone valley across to the place of gathering hostile clans along the Little Big Horn; could have seen the impetuous charge of Custer and his men and the fierce fight that followed; could have seen in Custer's immediate front the refugee Santees—outside of the Northern Cheyennes, or possibly the Ogallalla Tetons—the best disciplined and bravest troops in this Indian army. I could have seen after the last of Custer's men had fallen—coming out from the ranks of these Santees, and gliding and striking like a hesitating serpent among the dead and dying soldiers, the most dreaded of horrors to the helplessly wounded on an Indian battle field—an avenging red Nemesis—a war woman.

The Letter in Cypher.

FORT Stevenson was established in June, 1867, being the last post built to complete the military chain between the Red River of the North and mouth of the Yellowstone river. It was constructed as a two company post, there being no especial fears of Indians. The village of the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees, was but seventeen miles west of the post, and these were friendly to the Government, thereby making it uncomfortable for small bands of marauding Sioux, that usually infest the neighborhood of a military post built within the limits of their range. Thus it was that the post graveyard never contained the name of but one soldier's last resting place marked on the head-board "killed by Indians," a familiar enough inscription on the tombstones at the burying grounds of the neighboring posts.

To men brought up in thickly populated communities of the east with the advantages of so much diversity in their every-day life, a small post so isolated from the busy world as Fort Stevenson was, made living there very tedious and irksome to such, and consequently when a soldier was discharged from service, he usually took

himself out of the country as soon thereafter as possible. The unlucky gambler or the whiskey drinker, often came out of service on the wrong side of their final statements, and were therefore often compelled, by their necessitous condition, to either re-enlist or hunt work in some neighboring wood camp.

Robert E —, a good, tidy and trusty soldier, was one of those who had unfortunately contracted a love of whiskey somewhere in his eastern home, the taste for which, in his case at least, frontier isolation could not eradicate. He came out of the service at Fort Stevenson, in June, 1869, with a good honest discharge, but a small purse and sought employment in a woodyard, but after blistering his hands over a small pile of wood for a few days, came back to the post and re-enlisted in his old company to do duty for Uncle Sam for another term of years.

On the 11th day of June, 1870, Carlos Reider, or Charley Reeder, as he was most generally called, a German woodyard proprietor, was killed at his place in Painted Woods by one of his choppers known as John Bucktail.

On the same day Bucktail started for Fort Stevenson and surrendered himself to the military authorities at that place. Major Wainwright, the officer in command, immediately started out Dr. Mathews, the post surgeon, and a detail of men, to find and bury Reeder, and take possession of

his effects. The soldiers gathered together all his portable property, including his teams, and returned to the Fort, reported to the quartermaster and turned over the property to his care.

Among the dead man's household trumpery was a small batch of old books and some correspondence, and with these the following letter in cypher, drafted from memory of the original, but believed to be substantially correct:

Fort Stevenson, Sep. 18, '69

Friend Charley. Paymaster here soon. Come. Bring big gun of poison. M. at o. p. Shave tails. Don't talk. Money plenty. When.

Bob E——

Bucktail was tried for Reeder's murder before the U. S. court at Yankton, and after a lengthy hearing was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to one year in the Fort Madison (Iowa,) penitentiary. The prisoner's side of the case had been ably defended by Bartlet Tripp, afterwards Dakota Territory's Chief Justice, while prosecuting attorney Cowles turned over his side of the case to the Hon. E. A. Williams, who made his first effort at the bar in an eloquent plea on behalf of justice to the friendless dead.

Major Wainwright, being summoned to Yankton as a witness on this trial, the command of the post devolved upon Major Dickey, the second officer in rank. The new commander's first official

act of any consequence was the arrest of E—— and his confinement in the guard house. The nervous officer saw in this cyphered letter a key to a terrible conspiracy that had most providentially miscarried. In his interpretation of the missive, Reeder and E—— and possibly others were in conspiracy to intercept the paymaster on his regular visit to the post, and rob him of the plethoric rolls of greenbacks that he usually carried on such occasions. The word "poison" he took in its literal sense and saw a narrow escape of himself and fellow officers and such of the garrison likely to be troublesome. That the conspiracy had failed from some unknown cause or had been deferred to another time was made evident from the date of the letter, and the arrival and departure of the paymaster at the time specified without accident or anything of a suspicious nature. The Major, as officer of the day, had grievous trouble some time before with Reeder about supplying his soldiers with whiskey, thereby causing insubordination and trouble, and on one occasion had him arrested and shipped out of the country.

E—— on his part did not deny the authorship of the letter and his explanation was simple enough to all who cared to give it thought or who were cognizant of the facts, except the doughty Major in question. Reeder had been in the habit of trading with some of the bar-keepers of the passing steamers for a cheap kind of whiskey for the soldiers, and E—— being one of his best

customers acted as as middlemen for such of his companions who cared for it. "M. o. p." meant to meet at the old place, that being on the reservation limit at Snake creek. Newly enlisted soldiers were called, in post parlance, "shave tails," in humorous take-off to the fact that all newly purchased mules by government have their tails, closely shaved. The two carriers who had brought Reeder the letter were new recruits, and he was so warned—as whiskey around a military post otherwise than the regular sutler kept, was interdicted. "Big gun" answered for a ten gallon keg, and "plenty money" to pay for it would come with the paymaster. Owing to the officers well known antipathy to Reeder, the soldier's arrest was at first looked upon as a mere diversion in favor of Bucktail's release at Yankton, but after events did not show it. The letter had been placed before Brookings, the presiding judge at the trial, but was considered of no consequence other than showing up the murdered man as a worthless character. Soon after these events the command at Fort Stevenson was relieved by two other companies and with the prisoner still confined without a hearing, they moved to quarters elsewhere.



Fort Sully is a handsomely constructed and beautifully located post. It was named after a noble old hero of the frontier, who figured so prominently on these northern plains after the

Sioux war of Minnesota in 1862. The Fort was established July 25th, 1866, and intended to be occupied by four companies of soldiers. It is built upon a high bench overlooking the meanderings of the great river Missouri, and from the wavy meadows of the Okabosia on the south to the distant breaks of the Cheyenne on the north and northwest, the whole landscape is enchanting and weird. The summer breezes are ever blowing—gentle zephyrs we may call them in fine summer weather—that are ever fanning the cheeks of the weak and strong—the just and the unjust—as indiscriminate in its distribution of favors as the great bright orb of day himself.

The month of August, 1872, was passing quietly on at this delightful summer post. Indian troubles had long since ceased and peace and quiet reigned on every hand. On one of these still August days of that year, a tall, gaunt spectre of a man came hobbling out of the south gates, leaning heavily upon his cane. Once outside where he could breathe the free air of heaven, he looked around about him in a vacant, abstracted way, as though the sun and sky and fine landscape of the green fringed river had no charms for him; though they seemed so new and so strange. His eyes were glassy and sunken and the pallor of death seemed branded on his brow. After staring around for a few moments in a helpless sort of a way, he sank on the ground in

utter languidness as unable longer to hold up his tired body.

"Good morning Bob, how do you feel this morning," said a pleasant faced soldier passing that way.

"Oh, I am dying my dear boy, I am dying," feebly answered the invalid, as he again turned his eyes pensively to the ground.

This dying man this physical wreck, was Robert E—— who but two years ago was the finest specimen of the physical soldier to be found in the garrison at Fort Stevenson. Eighteen weary months chained to the bare floor in double irons, a punishment that the misery of the thumb torturing rack of the Spanish inquisition was tame to; or the horrors of the darkened dungeons of the French *bastille* commonplace. Eighteen months, I say, lying chained on the broad of his back, in stress and pain, in hoarse supplications for a trial or for death. Would a kind God in his mercy now grant the one as the madman in a Major's uniform had so long refused the other.

Legend of the Painted Woods.

The Painted Woods region, of Dakota, commences from the south on the Missouri river, near the Square Buttes, and extends northwest to within twenty miles of Lake Mandan. The section of the country in the vicinity of the woods, is grand, gloomy, and picturesque. To the west and south the great flat topped domes of the Square Buttes, loom up silently and alone, far above the broken prairies around them; to the west the graceful beauty of the high-ridged hills of the Antelope meets the eye, while to the north one sees the broken lines of the great winding river, then to the east the towering hills of the Yanktoney frown down on its sombre recesses, and completes a picture of nature's wild and rugged outlines.

At the north corner of the woods half hidden among forests of the ash, the willow and the cottonwood, is the Painted Woods Lake, so long the paradise of the hunter and the trapper. Here among the thickets of underbrush, the elk and deer were seen in their wild and graceful beauty; here along the shores of the lake, the industrious beaver once builded his house in fancied security,

but at last disturbed by the roving trapper, and with whom he parried, but parried in vain in points of sagacity. Here, too, the bear once luxuriated among the grape, the plum, and the toothsome bullberry, and found among the trunks of massive trees a good protection from hoary frosts and blizzardy blasts in his long winter nap. The buffalo, found the cooling shades and limpid waters a resting place where with him a summer's day was lost in his count of, passing time.

In the remembrance of the oldest fur trader or trapper of the northern plains, the Painted Woods had been known as the forbidden or neutral ground between the Sioux on the one hand and Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees, on the other. There had been exceptional short periods, when by main strength of numbers or boldness one side then the other occupied the land. But to meet here was to fight here. The legends of the shock of arms between these savage men, when told by the keeper of the records, take his listening entertainer from an after-supper smoke, to the dreamy hours of another day.

The last encounter but one, took place in April, 1869. Although the writer was not a witness of the affair, yet it fell to my lot to attend to the last funeral rites of one of the slain. The particulars of the hostile meeting was as follows: A roving party of Mandans was suddenly beset by a war party of Two Kettle Sioux. After a few

interchanges of shots, one of the Sioux warriors stepped out to the front of the line facing his enemies when he asked in a loud voice, who dare meet him in single combat? "I," replied a young Mandan, "will meet you," and so saying rushed forward and in a twinkling shot down his antagonist. As he was drawing his knife and reaching for his scalp-lock, the dying Sioux drew his bow and sent its fatal shaft through the heart of his victorious foe. The surviving combatants, after an attempted renewal of strife, went their several ways and so ended the Indian "affair of honor" among the painted trees.

One beautiful autumn day in 1872, after a weary day's tramp around the trap-line, I lay down upon a grassy knoll near the lake shore, watching for the time—the myriads of wild fowl skimming lightly over the lake—seeming alike fearless of the hunter or the hawk—when I was startled by the hum of many voices, who on approaching proved to be a hunting party of Mandans. After the salutations, they sat down in the usual circle and lighted up the pipe and starting it on its rounds of smoke and pleasant good will.

The leader of the party proved to be Scar Face, the young son of Red Buffalo Cow, head chief of the Mandans. This young fellow had always cultivated a sincere attachment for the whites, and I, on more than one occasion, relied on his good will to keep his meddlesome companions from pluck-

ing my "plunder" on these lonely plodding excursions. After the smoking round was over, I asked my young Mandan friend if he could tell me why the Red people called this neighborhood the Painted Woods? "Yes, Trapper," said he, "and if you listen I will tell you." "My ears are open," I replied in Indian fashion, and he then continued:

"Many long years ago, when the Mandan villages were large and numerous, they occupied and were masters of all this section of country. The Sioux lived hundreds of miles to the eastward, but then as now, came here to fight and kill our people and drive off our herds. We were strong then, and often brought the horrors of war to their own lodges.

Once, when all hearts grew heavy with war, the nations assembled in grand council at this lake, then a mere arm of the river. The Mandans assembled from their neighboring villages. From the far north came the Assinaboines and their train of dogs; from the northwest came the Crows and Gros Ventres plumed and painted, and from the south and east came the Sissetons and Yankton-eyes, with their trains of stolen horses. Our fathers received them well, and as buffaloes, elks, antelopes and deer were plentiful, and the harvests of pumpkins and corn bountiful, the grand council of nations was but a continuous spread of feasts—an assemblage of joy and good will.

Sometime during this happy state of affairs, the

jealous eyes of some of the young Mandan warriors detected the assiduous attentions of a young Yanktoney, to the daughter of a Mandan chief. She was young and beautiful, the belle of all the villages, and many were the young warriors who had offered her his heart and hand only to be refused.^b Now that she seemed to encourage the Yanktoney, a stranger and an enemy, one who had, perhaps, embrued his hands in the blood of their people, troubled them sorely. They remonstrated and pleaded without effect. The girl quietly prepared to quit the lodge of her father and the village of her people, to follow the fortunes of the stranger she loved. When all other devices failed to separate the lovers, the soldiers of the Mandan town of which the maid's father was the chief, assembled at the midnight hour, and slew the Yanktoney in his love's embrace.

The war-whoop was sounded, and the comrades of the murdered lover rose from their slumbers, and were told in loud acclaim by the criers of the camp what had happened. After their momentary daze was over the Yanktoneys strung their bows, drew their arrows and started around to the dead man's bier, where the mourning maid was cruelly filled with arrows, and left gasping in death; and then all dispersed to wait for the light of the coming day.

With the morning came war—the sack of villages—the lonely murders—the burning plains

and wastes of gameless deserts, then deep snows, want and misery.

The bodies of the lovers were placed together on a branching elm, near the spot where we now sit. The tree soon after withered and died, the bark came off and its branches whitened like the bones of its unburied dead.

The war continued for years,—still rages boldly and unforgiving. The passing Sioux learned to stop and paint his "coos" first upon the whitened elm then the trunks of neighboring trees; in a spirit of bravado the Mandan retaliated in kind. From this came the name of the Painted trees, or where the enemies paint his "coos" on wood. This my friend," he concluded, "is the story from our fathers."

After the young chief had concluded his story, the warriors mounted their ponies, and left me to muse in silent peace over the legend and its wild narrators.

The Doctor.

Under a Virginia sun—warm and sultry—on the 5th day of May, 1863, some three hundred of us blue coats lay huddled together under the cooling shades of a clump of pines in front of Guinea Station, a few miles south of Fredericksburg, Virginia. We had been gathered in at the recrossing of the Rappahannock, when covering Sedgwick's retreat by a full midnight moon; had been ambushed and drove back from the ford and picked up in detail at early twilight.

Over in front of us was the station with its bleak and cheerless look, where were ranged a few tents with grey coated officers and soldiers loitering around in respectful silence; for beneath its roof and under its four dingy walls, Stonewall Jackson, the great Southern chieftain lay dying. Fortune or misfortune I found myself opposed to Jackson in his first fight and one of the few places where the fate of war rolled against him, the engagement between his forces and a part of General Patterson's army at Falling Waters, near Martinsburg, Virginia, in June, 1861. I had, with the balance of McClellan's army, felt the discomforts and disasters attending his matchless

manœuvres against us in the last day's battles in front of the Confederate capital in the Peninsular campaign ; had seen his heroic action amidst the autumnal tinted groves of Antietam ; had faced his legions on Lee's right on the foggy heights of Fredericksburg on the ill-fated 13th of December, 1882, and now here on the eve of his greatest and most lasting triumph, the total defeat of Hooker's army at Chancellorsville. While on his death-bed, we, his prisoners of war, felt a common sorrow with our captors over the death of this remarkable man.

Having contracted an illness after the past week's exposure, I applied to the officer of the guard for medical treatment, when a hospital steward of a Mississippi regiment—the 18th, I think it was—came up and gave the desired medicine. He was a tall, well-formed, gentlemanly appearing kind of fellow, about thirty years of age. He seemed of an inquiring nature, asking many questions about Hooker's army and the North. As he turned to go to his other duties, he raised his hand and pointed his finger significantly toward the Station, and hurriedly said, "If old Stonewall over there dies, our luck's run down and I am going to get out."

The next morning after, the captain of our guard—of the 61st Georgia regiment, said facetiously, "Attention Yanks, on to Richmond, forward march," and our weary foot journey to a

Southern prison commenced. It ended in Castle Thunder and Belle Isle.

In Richmond, the city was in mourning, the flags being lowered at half mast from the flag staffs, the public and private buildings covered with crape. They bent in sorrow for the one man whose loss was greater to them than the destruction of one of their great armies; time's pages tells us it was even greater yet—the beginning of the end of the Confederacy itself.

In February, 1864, I lay at a Platte river ranch, in central Nebraska, nursing a pair of frozen feet, the result of exposure in my first experience in a blizzard on the plains. Being informed one day by my kind and obliging hostess that a newcomer at a neighboring ranch down the trail was doing some wonders in the healing art—a kind of a doctor, she heard her neighbors say—and advised my seeing him. I hobbled down and after being admitted into the new doctor's presence found to my surprise that the gentleman before me was no other than my quondam friend, the hospital steward of Guinea Station in Virginia. He gave my case attention, would make no charges, but finding from my conversation that I was soon to pass up the trail through Columbus on the Loup, asked as a special favor that I deliver a letter, and in case of being questioned, a guarded verbal message to a lady in the village. He

would leave in a day or two by the Ben Holloway stage line on the overland route to Denver or possibly on through to the city of Salt Lake. The message and letter was not to be delivered until I was previously notified that he was on his way to the mountains.

About the time agreed upon, I delivered his message as was pledged, but found on enquiry beforetime from the gossipy denizens of the village that the lady in question was something of a mystery to them. She was reticent, avoided social calls, or publicity in any manner. But the ever faithful searchers after the sensational had located her previous residence at the Mormon city of Salt Lake, and that she was the wife of an officer in the Southern army.

I found on presentation, that she was a fair appearing young woman of twenty-five or thereabout, with a mild mannered countenance of a somewhat saddened cast. I gave her the letter to read remaining standing near the door hat in hand. She read the missive without any perceptible change of countenance.

"Please describe the gentleman who gave you this?" she asked, rising from her seat and facing me. I did as requested, and saw a crimson wave come and go from her cheeks. After a short silence she said in something of a tremor in her voice: "This letter tells me my husband is dead. Your description of your friend tells me that he

is living." After a few more hurried questions and answers I bowed myself from her presence and saw her no more.



In August of that same year (1864), while on an overland journey from the Missouri river *via* the Platte river and the upper Arkansas route to Fort Union, New Mexico, an eleven hundred miles trip we encamped one noon at the crossing of the beautiful plum-studded banks of the rushing Huerfano river, when again destiny brought my doctor friend to the surface. He came sauntering along in a grand array of fringed buckskin, a broad sombrero that did duty as hat, umbrella and sometimes as kite. He was riding a little Mexican jack and clubbing two ahead of him as packs. He had just come up from Boone's on the Arkansas, where he had been down to re-provision for a gold hunting trip. In reply to my questioning he said he had turned prospector, and had found color and some little gold around the base of the neighboring ranges of mountains, but struck nothing yet to boast of. He had some experience in mining before the war in California and Utah, and thought to develop his luck if it was good, among the foot hills around the Greenhorn and Spanish peaks, and possibly over the Fort Garland way.

He had lately, he furthermore said, some trouble there in convincing the military authorities and some civilians that he was not surgeon

general of Reynolds' army, which had been captured up the Arkansas above Canon City by a part of Col. Chivington's command. Though hard to convince, yet as Reynolds' men were mostly either killed in the action with Lieut. Shoup, or afterwards while prisoners of war took out while bandaged in the rear of Twelve Mile Ranch near Denver and shot down without trial or without mercy. Therefore, as about all who participated in the Colorado rebellion were dead and the country quiet except from hostile Indian raids, he thought he could attend to his prospecting without fear of further molestation.

Our train rolled out over the valley leaving the Doctor in solitary camp near the ford, busy with his culinary affairs over a little fire, and the faithful pack donkeys browsing on the hillside. That interview was the last as far as I was concerned for the Doctor and I never met again.



One night in August, 1872, while at my Painted Woods home, I was awakened by a loud "hello" from the prairie. It was from the throat of a bewildered dispatch carrier, who, in coming from Fort Lincoln on his way to Fort Stevenson, had missed the trail and was wandering aimlessly and hopelessly about yelling to the night gods for inspiration and guidance. After locating his distressful sounds I answered him, when he begged me to relieve him of the military dispatch and take

through. I had taken a good nap, had a fresh pony at hand, and as the message must be in Fort Stevenson by sunrise, mounted and pulled out for the forty mile ride.

At daylinght I reached the big hill—the place where Coal Harbor now stands—when on passing down on the trail through the coule beyond, my ears caught the sounds of clattering hoofs, drawing toward me. Thinking, perhaps, that it might be red man with a “bad heart,” I cocked my rifle and heard a counter click at almost the same instant. “White or red?” I bellowed. “White,” came the answer, and in an instant a great burly, bushy-bearded fellow was by my side. “Well, you want my credentials I suppose,” he said in a loud coarse voice. “and here you have it. I am Mountain Jim of Arizona—my habits are goosish—north in summer, south in winter. I have summered on the British line and am now bound for the Rio Grande. Now, for yours.” Well, as time was precious I chipped my words and the result was we rode up to the Fort together amidst the resplendent glories of a prairie sunrise.

My mission ended and pony rested, and with Mountain Jim as traveling companion, returned to the Painted Woods. Here, in this little stockaded bastion, Jim found it agreeable to himself to rest and recruit like the geese he was trying to imitate, which were even then in noisy flocks in front of him on the mid-bars of the wide Missouri.

Finding him well acquainted in Colorado and New Mexico, I asked of the whereabouts of different parties there, and among the rest of them, of the prospector called the Doctor. "Oh yes," he said "I knew that poor fellow and of his wind-up too."

Then he told the following story which I repeat in substance: Near the summit of the Picket-wire pass through the Ratoon mountains, of New Mexico, is a favorite camping ground for freighters and travellers crossing the range, called the Springs. Good water and good grass in the gulches is not common near the summits of pine covered mountains.

On one occasion, during the summer of 1868, a party of stockmen, while crossing the range at this pass of the Ratoon, encamped for the night at these Springs, and awoke next morning to find a portion of their herd missing. In looking around they discovered a running trail leading over the divide on the west side, which a party of eight followed from the camp, until it led towards Maxwell's ranch on the Cimarron river, when in a deep gulch north of that place they came unexpectedly on a lone man in a little camp, with a few miner's tools, and camp dishes lying about, and three Mexican burros browsing contentedly. A little beyond, however, they came upon their own stock and seeing no one but the lone camper in sight bounced upon him, pinioned him securely and accused him of the theft of the stock. He

seemed dumbfounded at the charge and plead ignorance in regard to any knowledge of it whatever. But the situation was against him; he was alone and friendless and by the border rules with horse thieves when caught, must die. He was therefore dragged to a scraggy tree and slowly strangled to death. While hardly through with their merciless job, some of the lynchers espied, some distance away, a man gliding along under a brush clump, as though fearing to be seen. A chase was at once commenced after the other stranger, leaving the victim of the rope swing to and fro to the winds. When finally run down and caught, he proved to be a Mexican, and in his terror confessed to the theft of his captors' stock and begged hard for mercy. He had stolen them alone. When questioned about the man just hanged he answered that personally he was a stranger, though he was known around Fort Garland as a wandering miner called the Doctor.

The truth now dawned upon the conscience-stricken lynchers, that an innocent man was strangled by their hands. They went back to the body, but it was cold. They hurriedly cut it down and buried him in his blankets, leaving a note tacked on an excuse for a headboard—"hanged by mistake," and by some strange caprice or an inward feeling of horror for what they had done the Mexican was set free.

"How vain our most confident hopes, our brightest triumphs." Oh! Irving how true! In the murdered prospector's camp was found rich ore recently mined, and as it was but a short time after that the Cimarron mines were discovered and opened, that brought wealth to many, we can not doubt that the Doctor had been their first discoverer, and was quietly working away for a gold stake when the dark shadow of an ignominious death came upon him and closed his golden dreams forever.



CROSSING OVER THE RATOON.

Editor Kellogg.

WHILE publishing the *Dakota Democrat* of Yankton in 1868, our sanctum was enlivened one day by the presence of a gentleman who announced him as an editorial writer on and traveling correspondent for the Council Bluffs *Democrat*. This new daily newspaper venture was modeled in style after the then popular *La Crosse Democrat*, which had been given quite a boom by the peculiar style of writing of "Brick" Pomeroy. In fact the new Council Bluffs daily was but an offshoot from and counterpart of the La Crosse paper, as the editorial force had been taken bodily from the latter concern.

Mr. Kellogg, the visitor in question, was a lively little man of some thirty odd years of age, a good talker on the rounds, and his visit remained a pleasant memory. A short time after he assumed editorial control of his paper, but after a few months of weary and fruitless work, his journal succumbed to the inevitable fate of all newspaper ventures that run short of funds, and its editor joined the ever-swelling, ever moving ranks of the "has beens."

The haymakers of the Upper Missouri, in the year 1874, had an embarrassing time. It was on of those dry, rainless summers that come but too frequently in that country. The hay contractors for the military posts put in their bids early, made no calculation for a drouth and consequent shortage of the hay crop, and failed. Stoyall, a noted Bismarck barrister, closed up his law books, took up a pitchfork and proceeded to fill a delinquent contract for Fort Abraham Lincoln. He succeeded as good lawyers generally do when figuring is an assistance.

In order to secure hay worth the cutting it became necessary to go some distance from the post. The lawyer, betook himself to the succulent grasses of the Painted Woods, and organized his camp on the bottoms south of Painted Woods Lake.

The writer was game hunter for the haying camp, supplying it daily with fresh elk meat and venison. To the north of the hayfield was a dense forest of large cottonwoods, and in the center of the timber was a little crystal lake, surrounded on all sides by great sand dunes. The whole forest had been an island in Lewis and Clark's day, and is described in their published journal as "New Mandan Island."

In the summer when the cottonwood giants are in full leaf, the place wears an umbrageous gloom. One morning at daybreak while trailing a wounded deer, through a particularly dreary part of the

woods, I came upon the fleshless skeleton of a large man. The hair of the head alone remaining intact, which enabled me to recognize the remains as those of a harmless wanderer known along the river as French Joe. He became frequently deranged through an excessive use of whiskey, and had disappeared from a neighboring ranch where he had been stopping, in one of these spells, some two months before.

The deer trail was at once abandoned and I returned to the hay camp and reported my ghastly find. In the absence of a coroner and being a qualified Justice of the Peace, I summoned at once a kind of an informal jury. While busy with this business, the new foreman of the camp was announced, who had just come up from Bismarck. It proved to be M. M. Kellogg—Editor Kellogg—my acquaintance of Yankton's early days. As Mr. Kellogg was also a county justice, he kindly agreed to accompany us and assist at the inquest and burial. After the identification of the remains had been settled upon as those of the unfortunate Frenchman, Mr. Kellogg proceeded to deliver a temperance talk that under the circumstances and time made a memorable impression upon his few hearers.

The gentleman began by informing us that one day in Bismarck, some months since, he saw the deceased reeling through the streets in a drunken or rather insane condition, when he casually learned

something of his early history from one who had formerly known him well. He was born and raised near St. Louis, and belonged to one of the old French families there. He inherited a fine farm near the city and married an accomplished lady in the neighborhood, who in time bore him a son, and every prospect of a happy and prosperous future opened out before them. Tippling around the saloons on every visit to the city, became in time a habit with him which was taken advantage of by the saloon hangers-on, and with the tricky methods used in such cases, huge bills of indebtedness were piled against his property in various ways, so that it was but a matter of a few years when the sheriff's hammer closed the scene and the family became homeless. Well, to end the story, the wife found an early grave, followed soon after by her child. And he, when all was forever lost to him, found himself on an up-bound steamer seeking for an unfriendly and inhospitable land. For ten years he had drifted from place to place, at times hardly conscious of his existence at all. "This is a hard end," said Mr. Kellogg in conclusion, and after looking down for a moment upon the skeleton, and then turning his eyes around upon the gloomy woodlands about him, "I hope and pray that my end—that our ends may be different, that we can hope at least for good christian burial." For you, poor Kellogg, a vain hope. How little he then knew, how little we all

what the future has in store for us.



Once more to June 25th, 1876; once more to Custer's unlucky field; once more to carnage and death. The tide of battle has turned against the charging battalions of the Seventh Cavalry. Down to the dust amidst tramping and snorting steeds, goes the advance guard with the brave Crittenden and Calhoun. Following them, and pressed on all sides fights the matchless Keogh and his desperate troopers, who stand like human ten-pins and fall all. Now to the right centre fall the gallant Tom Custer and all his soldiers. On comes the Sioux horde with the fiery fury of hell's legions. But steadily in advance of them come the northern and southern Cheyennes. Are the watching ghosts of the murdered four hundred mothers and babes of Sand Creek, hovering around about them and urging them forward like Mahomet's protecting angels on Beder's bloody plains? Or are their arms of iron and their hearts of stone, now, that before them are officers and men who stained the winter snows of the Washita red with the blood of the unprotected and helpless of their own people—of Black Kettle's murdered band.

The last group but one, is fighting on yon sharp point of hill. It is Custer himself and the last of his officers and several of his men. But after a final desperate and heroic struggle

they are all soon down and silent, and of all the three hundred dead laying strewn around on the hillside, but two pass through the hands of the vengeful victors without mutilation of knife and axe—Custer and Editor Kellogg—a savage's last and highest tribute to the bravest of brave men.



Early Days Around Fort Buford.

FORT Buford was for many years the most noted military post along the Upper Missouri. The site was laid out and building commenced June 15th, 1866, on a high bench of table land on the Missouri and nearly opposite the mouth of the Yellowstone river. For over thirty years previous, there had been a large Indian trading establishment doing a good business for its proprietors, about three miles north-west of the new post, called Fort Union. This old trading fort was built from material after the Spanish fashion, composed of adobe, a kind of sun dried brick. The first resident partner, a gentleman named Mackenzie, lost his life on one of his daily rides to a high hill about five miles southeast of the adobe citadal. He was killed and scalped by a roving band of Uncpapas who knew of his habitual trip. The hill is yet known as Mackenzie's Butte. It was this gentleman who so royally entertained Mr. George Catlin at his fort while the latter was on his portrait painting tour among the wild Indians.

It was here, also, by the side of these adobe walls that another resident trader in charge, lost his pretty half breed wife, by the hands of sturdy



south Assinaboine who had been loitering around in front of the gate mounted when the young wife who was basking in the sun near the doorway, was suddenly seized in his brawny arms, thrown across the saddle in front of him, and plunging his heels in his horse's flanks was not overtaken, though followed some distance out on the prairie

by hangers on around the post.

Fort Buford was constructed for a garrison of four hundred men. The first commander, was Colonel Rankin, of the old Thirty-First regiment, U. S. Infantry, afterward consolidated with the present Twenty-Second regiment, U. S. I.

After the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney, in December, 1866, large bodies of Sioux moved to the mouth of Powder river where buffalo were plentiful; and the Uncpapa branch of that nation, who claimed the country around the mouth of the Yellowstone, were particularly hostile to the occupation of that section of country by the military.

In January, 1867, Sitting Bull, then just rising to note among Black Moon's band of Uncpapas, at the head of a large war party made a regular investment of Fort Buford, encamping opposite the post in the timber at the junction of the two rivers. On one occasion he captured the government saw mill near the landing and vigorously beat time on the huge saw, adding his own sonorous voice, while his young braves danced sprightly around on first time, to the disgust of the bad gunners at the fort who vainly endeavored to turn a corner on their mirth by the whistling of fuseless shells dropped around them. Several soldiers and citizens were killed by these Indians in the immediate vicinity of the post during the winter. In the four following years Fort Buford was virtually in a state of seige, twice losing their beef herds and other stock.

One of the most noted events during this period of the investment was the killing of Dugan, "Dutch" Adams, McLean and the Italian Renaldo. This took place about two miles from the fort on the Little Muddy hay trail, on August 10th, 1869. The Indians were in hiding in a deep water cut coulee to the number of three hundred, evidently lying in wait for Captain Bob Moffitt and his incoming hay train, when this party of four men unexpectedly came driving along from the direction of the post in a two-seated spring wagon. When directly in front of this coulee the Indians delivered a volley and then closed around them. The white men, all badly wounded and their team of horses killed by the volley, jumped to the ground and attempted a running fight backing toward the fort. After a circling fight of thirty minutes, all were killed. Renaldo, although dressed conspicuously in a gaudy red shirt, was the last to fall, as evinced from his position when found. He died within sight of the flag-staff. They were found an hour later by the hands of the hay train, badly mutilated, scalped and filled with arrows. The Indians lost some killed, but how many has never been definitely ascertained.



The summer of 1870 was opened by a raid of a large war party of mixed Sioux bands, on some wood-haulers north of the post, about two miles

above the adobe ruins of old Fort Union. The cattle were killed and the drivers ran into a hole sheltered by some brush, and although nearly all were "feathered" with arrows they managed to stand off the Indians until relieved by soldiers from the post.

A call by the contractor for more citizens to help fill the lagging work, found the writer with several others of the Fort Stevenson neighborhood on their way to Fort Buford, early in July of the same year. At the White Earth river we were joined by a band of disgusted wood-choppers from a fortified woodyard at North Bend, and were caught up to by Keplin, the mail carrier (who was killed by Sioux on his return trip).

Among this party of wood-choppers was a young man named Aldrich, commonly known along the river as "Teck" Aldrich. He was about twenty years old, clear blue eyes, supple and graceful in his motions, tall and straight as an arrow. He wore the conventional head of long hair of the frontier days, rather bashful in conversation, and seldom spoke out an opinion unless asked to do so, and yet he was the recognized leader of the party. He was a good shot, a splendid hunter, and though in a dangerous neighborhood always hunted alone, and packed his game into camp on his shoulders. He became the universal favorite of the whole party, and was voted the spokesman on our entry into the fort. On our arrival we

scattered to the different stations, Teck becoming day guard for the Yellowstone wood camp, located on the south side of the stream, just opposite the fort. The guards were generally chosen for their quick eyesight, and also for their hunting qualities, as watching gives them opportunity to note the whereabouts of, and plentiful leisure gives them time to kill and dress their game, and keep the camp supplied with choice fresh meat.

The morning of the 25th of September, of that year, was clear and calm; the sun arose serenely over the bluffs of the divide, and after a lingering fog slowly raised from the slow-rolling waters of these two majestic streams, its rays sparkled and glistened on the heavy dewdrops that covered the valley and high plain. The heavy-leaved cottonwoods glinted in the sunlight with its autumn tinted shades of mixed yellow and green, looked soft and picturesque to an admiring eye. The light saffron colored bluffs on the high divide, alone gave the morning view a sombre cast.

It was on such a scene as this that Teck Aldrich looked, after having rolled from his blankets and stood on the river bank, gun in hand for his morning's watch and hunt. The fort opposite, by a kind of mirage, rose high above the banks—its whitened walls and shining windows seeming more to the imagination the abode of disembodied spirits, rather than the unappreciated home of a lot of tough old soldiers in the flesh.



CROW FLIES HIGH.



Young Aldrich had been barbered of his long hair the day before, seemingly a fatal omen to many frontiersmen; but with rifle to his shoulder he strode out through the cottonwood grove to the bullberry openings, adjoining the bluffs. He saw neither deer nor elk, where on previous mornings he had met them in numbers. This alone should have made him pause and reflect; and he probably did, but the camp would expect a fresh deer for breakfast, and one he must bring.

He had now advanced to the outside opening near the bluffs, when from the tall grass, and from the screen of bullberry and choke cherry bushes, rose two hundred hideously painted and yelling savages, each and all eager for his scalp. He did not run. He did not even turn his back; but sprang forward among his now encircling foes, face to face—and though the odds were two hundred against one, commenced to pump his Winchester, and at every crack of the rifle a painted form washed his face in the morning dew—five shots and five dead Indians; but on the sixth shot the plunger of his rifle became misplaced and with a despairing cry he sprang forward with his gun as club, but his work was done. He was instantly hacked to pieces with tomahawks and knife-pointed war clubs.

"I have helped to kill a great many white people along this river," said Red Shirt, an Uncpapa chief, some time after, "but I never saw one fight so well or die so bravely as that boy at the mouth of the Yellowstone."

A War Party of Three.

SOME time during the latter part of July, 1870, while with the hay contractors' camp at Fort Buford, we moved up from the river bottom to the Spring, some twelve miles northwest of the post. The Spring was in a large coulee shut up among the hills; and contained considerable grass, which our party soon converted into fine hay. One sultry afternoon, while busy at work, some of the men were surprised at the sudden appearance of a mounted Indian, who seemed no less surprised than they at coming so unexpectedly on a camp of white men at that place. All hands grasped their guns and surrounded the Indian boy—for boy he proved to be—and as many of the men had already had considerable taste of the bitter of Indian hostility, they were not slow in bringing him to a "talk" concerning his business in these parts. He announced himself as a Santee, and said he was on his way to Fort Buford in expectancy of meeting friends there.

While this examination was going on, being the night guard for the camp, I was taking my regular daily slumber, when awakened by one of the day guards who said that I was wanted as interpreter in

an "Indian council," Shaking off the blankets, I arose, went out and greeted the confused and somewhat frightened boy, kindly. He was well mounted upon a fine pony, though it was in a lather of sweat and seemed weary. He had a Hawkins muzzle-loading rifle slung across in front of him, and had no clothing on his person but a single breech cloth. Taken altogether, was a very suspicious looking outfit for a young man of peaceful habits. Some of the party was for killing him outright, but were shamed out of it by the calmer judgment of others. He was therefore allowed to depart, which he did very quickly, and was seen no more by our party.

Two or three days after the visit of the Santee boy, a paymaster and escort arrived from Fort Stevenson, who gave an account of an affair that fully accounted for the lost and terrified appearance of the Santee lad. The particulars of the affair as related by the paymaster's escort were as follows :

The escort was commanded by Major Dickey, of the 22d U. S. Infantry, of Fort Stevenson. The command consisted of twenty men, and the first day out encamped near the Rising Waters, a small stream some twenty-five miles up the river trail from Berthold. While here encamped they were met by two mail carriers coming down from Fort Buford, Keplin and "Scotty" Richmond by name, two of the most prominent frontier charac-

ers, at the time in northern Dakota.

While the parties were thus encamped tog ether, three Indians were seen coming over the bluffs from the direction of the Agency, mounted and at full speed, but on seeing the encampment, instantly fled the road and dashed toward some timbered ravines some distance further on. Seeing them making this, if not unfriendly, at least unaccountable move, the Major ordered up some soldiers, and with Keplin in the lead, started after the fleeing Indians.

Keplin was what is known as a Red River half breed, desendants of the original Selkirk settlement on the Red River of the North. He was thoroughly conversant with the Indian languages in that section of country. Though brave, he was yet cautious, and was considered by the military officers one of the most valuable mail carriers in dangerous times, along the military chain of forts of the Upper Missouri country.

On this occasion, it happened, he was under the influence of bad whiskey, and rushed recklessly far in advance, when all at once the Indians turned into a heavy timbered ravine and awaited the coming of Keplin and the soldiers.

"Who are you?" asked the mail carrier, in the Sioux tongue. "I am Bad Hand the Sisseton," replied one of them who had halted on the edge of the ravine, "and these with me, are my friends. My people are friends to the whites.

Why do you pursue us?" Keplin replied: "I have come to fight you?" "Then fight it is," said the Sisseton, raising his rifle at the same time and firing a ball through Keplin's heart, then rushing up to the prostrate form took the dead man's needle gun and belt of cartridges ran back under shelter of the grove.

A large body of Indians about this time were seen coming over the high ridges by the soldiers when the commander thinking they were hostile Sioux, withdrew his command from the scene of the mail carrier's death, back to the wagon train allowing the Sisseton Santees master of their surroundings.

The Indians on coming nearer were discovered to be Mandans and Gros Ventres, and were in hot pursuit of the very party holed in the ravine. A surround was at once made of the ravine by the whole party while the brave Sisseton Santees lay quietly at bay.

"We have come to kill you, Bad Hand," said Poor Wolf, the leader of the Gros Ventres. "You have been a very bad man—killed our people—stolen our horses—you do not deserve life. therefore prepare to die," so saying a volley was fired into the ravine. After a few minute's interval, the Sisseton thus replied to the Gros Ventre chief: "You will kill us. You are hundreds in number, while I am alone. My comrade is wounded and dying. But bear in mind, my enemy, Bad Hand will not go alone to the Spirit Land."

With these words the talk ended, and all prepared for the close of the tragedy. Some one was needed to draw the fire from Bad Hand when the rest would rush in his hiding place before he could reload—a very quick motion it will be observed as necessary, when Keplin's captured needle gun is remembered. A young Mandan was chosen for this ordeal—a fair-faced boy whom the writer had often noticed around the Indian village at Fort Berthold. He was loaded down with the mysteries of Indian superstition; war chants were sung and then rubbed down by the priest of the Mandans, after which the poor doomed boy started for the timber covert. A shot from the brush and the young Mandan was dead,—two hundred shots from without and Bad Hand is in the death throes. The Santees were then scalped and the head of the brave Bad Hand cut off for triumphal entry into the village.

"Where is the third Sisseton Santee," said the Gros Ventre chief, after a thorough search had been made of the premises, "we followed three thieves from our horse pastures."

Where indeed was he? I will answer. The father died to save his son. It was three days after this event that the Indian boy appeared at our hay camp at Fort Buford. He was the only child of Bad Hand, the boldest warrior of the Sisseton Santees.

Fort Phil Kearney.

No military post ever constructed on the far western frontier, during its occupancy, had so much of the tragic--so much speculative thought for the believer in the doctrine of foreordination or fatalism, or the strange and romantic turns in the after lives of its garrison as Fort Phil Kearney.

It had been named in honor of the famous officer who lost his life at the head of his troops at Chantilly, September 1, 1862, during Pope's "in the saddle" campaign between Washington, D. C. and the Confederate capital.

The post was one of a chain of forts planned by the Government for the protection of the Montana road, a contemplated thoroughfare from Platte river along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, to the mining districts of eastern Montana.

An expedition with this object in view, left Fort Kearney on Platte river, in June, 1866, under command of Col. Carrington, which consisted of two thousand men, to be evenly distributed at the different proposed posts. Col. Carrington chose a site on a tributary stream of Powder river and

here on July 14th, of the same year work on the new post commenced under commander Carrington's personal supervision and by October, the fort was enclosed.

While the country there had been known as "Crow country," it was at that time, by right of possession, a part of the Sioux domain. The Ogallallas under the chief Red Cloud, and High Back Bone, a Minneconjou chief with their followers were bitterly opposed to the opening of the Montana road through their game preserves, and commenced venting their spleen by harassing the garrison of Fort Phil Kearney. The beef herd was run off and two soldiers killed during the first week of the military occupation, and frequent repetition of hostile raids with more or less casualties during the balance of the summer months.

On the 21st of December of that year, the hostile attacks culminated in a general assault on the wood train and escort. The post lookout had been signaled to for aid, and commander Carrington sent out a relief party of eighty-four men, consisting of both infantry and cavalry, besides two citizen scouts, the whole force under Colonel Fetterman. The Indians were seen on a ridge on the east side of Peno creek, having retired in a feint from the wood train in order to successfully entrap the coming soldiers. Fetterman being an impetuous officer rushed into the ambushade, and in less than two hours all were killed.

The battle is generally spoken of as the "Fort Phil Kearney massacre," and next to Custer's fight on the Little Big Horn, was the most wholesale killing of soldiers known in the latter day Indian battles.

Among the officers killed beside Col. Fetterman was Captain Brown and Lieutenant Grummond, the latter officer placed in charge of the cavalry. He was a dashing soldier and had left behind him at the fort a young wife, who, when the news was brought to her of the fight, and that her husband was among the slain, the sudden shock threw her in mingled rage and sorrow, and rushing into the commanding officer's quarters with disheveled hair and a torrent of sobs, she hurled the most terrible invectives against the unlucky commander's head, charging him with little less than the willful murder of her husband. Those who heard the interview, speak of it as the most tempestuous outburst of fiery invectives and denunciations ever hurled from the lips of a pretty woman.

Out, old chesnut, out!—"Oh consistency, thou art a jewel!"



Come with me my reader, and leave, for a time at least, these dreary and monotonous expanse of semi-deserts—the shelterless path of the hot si-moon; leave the sight of these eternal snow capped mountains whose rugged summits hide

from you the clear azure of the western sky ; and from under and around these foot-hills where sad memories come in endless chain.

Come with me then to Tennessee's green groves and fair fields ; to the land of the myrtle and the clinging ivy—the sweet mignonette and the fragrant honeysuckle that entwine the mansions of a sunny land.

Away again then, oh memories of ill-fated Phil Kearney, with its uncanny thoughts—its cheerless deserted vales—its neglected graves of the gallant but now almost forgotten dead.

Come on then to a plantation in this southern clime and I will show you a picture. I will show you a fair lady in her silks and her satins—a rosy smiling face hardly yet, touched by the cruel frosts of even-handed time. You will see that this lady's hair is wreathed in blossoms of orange. You will see by this lady's side a gallant cavalier, whose hair is silvered somewhat, but whose stately mien and military bearing proclaim him a thorough soldier. How proudly he walks by her side—aye, prouder than when he stood on conquering rampart or receiving the plaudits of admiring throngs.

Now, good reader, you have beheld the picture. It was caught on the wings of the deepening twilight by ever faithful camera. It is a passing view of the ex-commander of Fort Phil Kearney leading to the altar she whose great heart-cries for her murdered husband's sake pealed out in endless

echoes though the frosty air on that ever-to-be remembered December night in that same fort of the Powder river wilderness.



Charley Reynolds.

ONE day in the early summer of 1870, there appeared at the Painted Woods a young man about twenty-four years of age, swinging a Sharp's 44 calibre rifle over his shoulder and leading a pony in pack. He simply gave his name as Charley Reynolds, and his occupation that of a professional huntsman. He was about five feet eight inches in stature, heavy set and somewhat round-shouldered ; a pair of keen grey eyes habituated to a restless penetrating look ; with rather unsociable, non-communicative habit. His voice was soft in mode of expression—almost feminine, and what was very unusual among bordermen, used no tobacco in any form ; nor was he ever seen by his companions under the influence of intoxicating drink. Such were the writer's first impressions on the personal appearance, and first acquaintance with this noted frontiersman.

He had passed the previous winter around the old Grand River Agency, and at Gayton's Ranch on the east bank of the Missouri, nearly opposite the Standing Rock. In the early spring he moved up near Fort Rice and while there first displayed his remarkable gifts as a hunter that made him





JOSEPH DEITRICH.

so much after notoriety along the Upper Missouri. He contracted with the post commissary to supply the garrison of Fort Rice with all fresh wild meats, such as antelope, elk and deer meat needed at the post. His fame as successful hunter spreading up the river, officers of Fort Stevenson also requested him to furnish that post in like manner. He associated himself with Joseph Deitrich, (now one of the leading business men of Bismarck, North Dakota), as partner, and for two years made the neutral range between the Sioux and the Fort Berthold bands, his hunting grounds.

It was while hunting in the Painted Woods region that "Reynolds' luck" became a byword among hunters. His knowledge of the habits of elk, deer, antelope and other game was indeed marvelous and could have only been gained by a very close study of their habits.

In the writer's presence he would often say that he would kill a deer or elk feeding at a certain place on a certain kind of herb or vine at a certain hour of the day, and would almost invariably return from the hunt with a token of the accomplishment of his promise.

The large amount of game killed by his solitary rifle, brought or sent to the military forts, became a source of great uneasiness to the observant Indians, who to a certain extent depended for a living on the very game he was slaughtering. This feeling particularly grew upon the Indians

of the Fort Berthold Agency, many of whom were themselves good hunters, but Reynolds so far eclipsed them that they believed he had as an assistant a supernatural power or "medicine."

On one occasion while visiting at the Fort Berthold Agency he very leisurely took his gun on his shoulder walked down among the willows immediately south of the village, and knocked down and brought back two deer. This incident to the wondering Indians savored of the same feeling, to their excited imagination, that the strange doings of a Signor Blitz or a Wyman had with their jugglery tricks, impressed intelligent white audiences, as the Indians had never seen a deer, or track of a deer even, in these willows for years past.

The climax to the Indian's patience was finally exhausted in the matter during the winter of 1874. when Reynolds started out from Fort Berthold for an elk hunt on the Little Missouri river, taking as companion for the trip, young Pete Buchaump, an Aricaree half-breed. At the mouth of Cherry creek they came upon a herd of eight elk when, as was his wont, Reynolds killed them all without leaving his tracks. After dressing them they loaded as much of them on the wagon as it would hold, then cacheing the balance they returned to the Agency.

Now, Buchaump, who occasionally felt disposed to play on the Indian's credulity, when he came

back to the village reported that when Reynolds first saw the elk tracks, he took from his breast a black bottle and poured out something among the tracks, sat down and waited until every elk returned to be killed. This story so excited the Indians that Reynolds, who was stopping at Malnorie's place, was here surrounded by some two hundred Gros Ventres, who demanded that he give up his "medicine" for which they would give him the best mule in camp. He told them he had no medicine or charm, which only exasperated the Gros Ventres the more, and they demanded his death and that of his horses. His self-possession finally saved his life. In order to show his contempt for his would-be destroyers, he made a present of two of the elk to the Aricarees who had refused to join in the melee against the brave hunter, but utterly ignoring the others.



The hero of this sketch was born in Warren County, Illinois, in 1844. His parents were both Kentuckians, the father, Dr. Reynolds, was a practising physician of fine mental attainments. The family, then consisting of parents and seven children, moved to Coles County, of the same State, in the spring of 1854, where Charley remained until he was about sixteen years of age, when he left home and made his way to Atchison, Kansas, and joined an emigrant outfitting train for California, but the train being attacked on Pole

creek near the forks of the Platte river, and several of the party killed and their stock run off. This necessitated a return down the trail toward Fort Kearney. In the meantime young Reynolds formed the acquaintance of an old wolfer named Green, who had quarters on one of the islands of Platte river. One of the boy's first experiences with the cranky old fellow was on the occasion of a Wolf Pawnee party's visit, to their dugout asking for something to eat. The genial host cheerfully assented, and young Reynolds was bidden to make a corn pone for the hungry red men. The wolfer, then, unobserved by the Indians, took down a bottle of strychnine and hastily stirred the contents, in it then setting the composition in the "dutch oven," baked it and set his spread for the repast. The Indians ate heartily and cheerily, and bidding them good by, departed. The old chap's ignorance alone prevented a cowardly and unnecessary murder of some friendly Indians.

Some time after this they went to the Middle Park, Colorado, where Reynolds was treated to another surprise. While out hunting one day they came to where an Indian squaw was buried in a tree. The goulish old reprobate shook her down on the ground and set out a line of wolf traps around her person. This incident was more than the boy could well stand, and thinking that during another shortage of bait, might find his own self in demand, he took his traps and a morning twilight on a bee line for Fort Laramie.



CHARLEY REYNOLDS.



At the breaking out of the war young Reynolds enlisted in the 16th Kansas—a noted Regiment—and served three years in the various campaigns in Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas. The greater part of this time he was detailed on scouting service.

In the autumn of 1865, in company with a man named Wamsley, Reynolds started out on a trading trip to the plains of south-western Kansas. At some place on Rabbit's Ear creek near the old Smoky Hill trail, they were jumped by a band of southern Cheyennes. In the fight that followed Wamsley was killed and the wagon and goods captured, Reynolds saving himself by a determined resistance from an abandoned dug-out, until night set in, when he took advantage of the darkness to break through their watch, and taking a westerly course found his way to Trinidad, thence down to Santa Fee, New Mexico.

While wintering at the New Mexican capital, he fell in love with and married a Mexican girl. But after a season of wedded bliss, the terror of all dreamy young married men who are favored with one—the ever critical mother-in-law, who guards her daughter's destiny within the humble walls of a Greaser's adobe ranch, as well as in the stately homes of the fair Aryan,—made this young man's future existence of such uncertain tenor that he bade farewell to the land of Spanish half-breeds and made his way back across the plains.

The fall of 1886, found him hunting buffalo on the upper branches of the Republican river. But the Indians getting troublesome and risky, he crossed over to the noted Jack Morrow's ranch on Platte river. Here he remained until getting into trouble with a young military officer from the neighboring post of Fort McPherson, which affair ended in a shattered forearm for the officer.

=

In the summer of 1872, an expedition left Fort Rice on the Missouri, to protect the North Pacific railroad surveyors in running their line along the Yellowstone valley. Reynolds accompanied the expedition as scout and hunter. Two English noblemen also accompanied the expedition to see something of wild Indians and buffalo. They saw plenty of both, and when out to the furthestmost limit of the summer's survey, General Stanley detailed Reynolds to accompany and guide the noblemen through the Yellowstone National Park, and thence to Boseman, Montana. Reynolds acquitted himself in a creditable and satisfactory manner, and was very favorably mentioned by them in their book, which they published on their return to England.

In the spring of 1874, he acted as chief scout for the first steamboat that ever ascended the Yellowstone river any distance. This was the fine stern-wheeler, Josephine, of the Coulson line, under command of Captain Grant Marsh, one of

the best pilots as well as steamboat captains that ever plowed the waters of the Upper Missouri river. The boat ascended the stream as high up as the mouth of the Big Horn river, where a large Crow camp was met with, and after a short interview the prow was headed down stream. This military reconnoissance by steamer, was under the immediate command of Col. Forsythe, of General Sheridan's staff.

In the early summer of 1874. General Custer received permission from the Government to lead an expedition to the Black Hills of Dakota, and selected Reyno'ds as his chief scout and guide for the expedition. This reconnoissance in view of after events, was one of the most important of the many military expeditions over the plains.

After Custer and his men had entered the Hills, and gold was found, it became necessary to communicate the important news swiftly to the world. While the Indians had not attacked the soldiers, it was known they were very watchful and were waiting a favorable opportunity to strike a blow at an expedition that threatened such direful consequences to the Sioux nation. As the General wished to send the dispatch at once, yet knowing the great danger attending the carrying of it, he wished volunteers, rather than be compelled to detail any one on what he himself believed was to almost certain death. Stepping out in front of his men, after the miners had reported favorably,

he asked who among them would carry the dispatch to Fort Laramie? As no one seemed to answer in a hurry, Reynolds, who was sitting on a log near by said in his quiet way, "General, I will go."

"No, Charley," replied Custer, "I can hardly ask you to."

"Give me the dispatch," Reynolds said in a firm voice, "and I will take it to Fort Laramie."

The General then offered to detail some scouts or soldiers to accompany him, but the brave scout refused any company, and after being furnished the best horse in the command for the journey, he waited around camp until dark, when with the guidance of the overhanging stars he commenced his perilous trip of over one hundred and fifty miles through the country of vigilant and unsparing foes.

After a hard ride of over sixty hours, principally in the night, he rode up to the gates of Fort Laramie, and in a short time after the "gold in the grass roots" dispatch was wired over the civilized world.

On two occasions on this journey he came in sight of watching red men, but "played Indian" so successfully in passing them that his identity was not discovered. He had taken a veritable bee-line from the start to the finish, and this too through a section of country the greater part of which he had never before seen.

An incident happened in 1874-5, which owing to its shaping of after events, is well worth noting. This was Reynolds part in the detection of Rain in the Face, and his subsequent capture by Captain Tom Custer and imprisonment at Fort Abraham Lincoln.

General Custer's expedition of 1873, to protect the Northern Pacific Railroad surveyors, which Reynolds had also accompanied as scout and hunter, was attacked by the Sioux, and, at the time of attack, two non-combatants were killed while separated from the command. They were Dr. Honzenger, the veterinary surgeon, and Mr. Balran, the sutler of the 7th Cavalry. They were elderly men, of scientific tastes, and were searching for fossils, in which the country abounded. Just before their death, Reynolds had met them and warned both that there were fresh signs of Indians around and they had better come on with him to the command. They delayed, so lost their lives.

During the early part of the winter following, Reynolds was sent down by General Custer, on a spying trip; and attending one of the dances, and learned of young Rain in the Face making his boasts of his part in the killing of these two men. Reynolds sent word to the General at headquarters, which resulted in this Indian's arrest as stated. After two months confinement at the Fort Lincoln guard house, he escaped and made his way to the hostile camps on the Yellowstone.

In the winter of 1875-6, Reynolds was sent by General Custer to watch the movements of the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees, particularly the going and coming of Sioux spies to the hostile camps in the Big Horn country.

Early in the spring of 1876, he received the appointment of chief guide from Custer on the contemplated Big Horn expedition. Shortly after his appointment, Reynolds visited the writer at Turtle Valley Ranch, and on Custer's behalf, I was tendered the position of assistant guide. Holding some regard for the just rights of the Indians, in the premises, and fearing a repetition of Baker's or Chivington's work, or that of the General himself in the destruction of Black Kettle's camp of southern Cheyennes, the flattering offer was respectfully declined.

In this interview with Reynolds, which so far as we two were concerned, was destined to be our last, he said while Custer and his officers were of the opinion, basing it upon the attitude of the Indians during the invasion of their hunting grounds of the Black Hills by his troops two years before, that the Sioux would not make much of a fight, but for his own part he believed that these Indians were preparing for a last desperate struggle, and the then coming summer would witness the greatest Indian battle ever fought on the continent. Time has told us that Reynolds' observations and prophecy was nearly correct.

General Custer had been making arrangements, during the winter of 1875-6, under authority of the War and Interior departments of the Government for a large military force being sent into the Big Horn country, for the purpose of forcing certain bands of the Sioux under chiefs Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, and other scattering bands, upon the established Indian reservations.

Owing to some trouble with President Grant, General Terry the department commander was ordered to take command of the expedition that was to leave Fort Abraham Lincoln in the month of May, Custer being ordered to command his regiment, the 7th Cavalry, and act under Terry's orders. This expedition was expected to meet in the vicinity of the Big Horn river, two similar ones coming from the west under Generals Crook and Gibbon.

Notwithstanding the change of commanders of the Fort Lincoln contingent, Reynolds was continued in position as chief guide. The 7th Cavalry kept steadily in advance of the main command until near the Little Big Horn river, on the 25th of June. Here the first hostile Indians were seen.

The command was divided into four parts, Custer taking five companies; and Major Reno three companies; Captain Benteen three companies; and Captain McDougal with one company left in charge of the pack train. In this order the com-

mand moved forward until the Indian encampments were located, and Custer determined to attack at once. After giving orders to the other officers in regard to the disposition of their battalions, he placed himself at the head of his five companies, rode rapidly in the advance,—with what result we have partially attempted to describe in a previous sketch in this work. Besides his officers and men, Custer was accompanied by three citizens—his brother and nephew and Editor Kellogg, the latter being expedition correspondent for the New York *Herald* and Bismarck *Tribune*.

Custer had, however, ordered all the scouts and guides to go with Reno and Benteen, most of them with the former. Among these were Reynolds, Girard, the two Jackson boys, Bloody Knife, and Short Tailed Bull, the two last named being Aricaree scouts.

In order to portray the situation of Reno's command in this thrilling encounter, we have his statement that at half-past twelve he received a dispatch from Custer, who was then two miles in advance, to move to the front as rapidly as possible, "as the Indians were running away." Reno says in his report that his orders were to "move forward at as rapid a gait as prudent, to charge afterwards, and that the whole outfit would support me." He rode at a fast trot for about two miles, crossed the river at a ford, halted ten minutes to gather his battalion, and moved on down the val-

ley with his men in line of battle. The small number of Indians who appeared fled before him for two miles and a half, making scarcely any resistance.

"I soon saw, says Reno, "that I was being drawn into some trap, as they certainly would fight harder, and especially as we were nearing their village, which was still standing ; besides I could not see Custer or any other support, and at the same time the very earth seemed to grow Indians, and they were running towards me in swarms, and from all directions. I saw I must defend myself, and give up the attack mounted. This I did, taking possession of a point of woods, and which furnished, near its edge, a shelter for the horses; dismounted and fought them on foot, making headway on through the wood. I soon found myself in the near vicinity of the village, saw that I was fighting odds of at least five to one, and that my only hope was to get out of the wood, where I would soon have been surrounded, and gain some higher ground. I accomplished this by mounting and charging the Indians between me and the bluffs, on the opposite side of the river. I succeeded in reaching the top of the bluff, with the loss of three officers and twenty-nine enlisted men killed, and seven wounded."

It was in the earlier part of this hard fighting that Reynolds went down to his death. While at the edge of the timber spoken off, and when

the Indians were making a flanking assault with the evident intention of cutting Reno's command into two parts, Reynolds ever unmindful of his own danger when others were in peril,—said to Dr. Porter, who was standing near the timber, dressed in a linen duster, and consequently a conspicuous target for the Indians, "Look out doctor, the Indians are shooting at you!" These were the last words he ever spoke, as far as known. It was but a few minutes later, while attempting to rejoin the command, that his horse was shot down and in falling pinned its rider to the earth, and then he fell an easy victim, though not without first emptying his revolver at his advancing foes.

After the battle, nothing but the headless body was found, and this was afterward taken to Ann Arbor, Michigan and buried there at the expense of one of the professors of the University at that place, who had made his acquaintance on the Black Hills expedition of 1874.

His last words in warning Dr. Porter, probably proved a godsend to the wounded soldiers on the battle field, as the Doctor was at that time the only surviving surgeon there, the other two of the expedition being already killed.



Such is the short summary of the career of a remarkable frontiersman. As a devoted student, and admirer of the botanist and the naturalist, he was in constant correspondence with some of the

professors of our leading universities ; he was oftentimes their guide and companion in their search for the curious and rare specimens to be found among the Little Missouri's Bad Lands. As a scout he was brave and yet cautious ; as a guide on a trackless wilderness he had few equals ; as a hunter he stood without a peer throughout the wild west ; and as a manly man, a prince among his fellows.



An Indian Mother.

THOSE of our readers whose curiosity or duty have led them to visit an Indian village or community, cannot have failed to notice with what gentle demeanor the children behave themselves in the treatment of their parent's wishes, and the civil decorum and unaffected deportment they exhibit in the presence of strangers. Yet the rod is never a part of the discipline of an Indian household.

The male child is especially exempt from corporal punishment of any kind, the parents believing in the traditions of their fathers and mothers before them, that the chastisement of a male child for minor offences breaks down his spirit and unfits him for a future warrior or leader of men.

In observations of wild Indian life, I have noted that much the same causes for conjugal infelicity prevails among the savage as among civilized races of people; that the young Adonis does not always marry his first love, or his second love, as the case may be, and that the accidental alliances or those for equality of rank, do not always turn out for the best. But come what may, a home of happiness or a home of misery, the In-

dian female as a rule, obeys the instincts of true motherhood. Her child's respect is won by her motherly care and devotion, and its studied obedience to her will by an unselfish maternal love.

Fort Abraham Lincoln was constructed in the summer of 1872. It was originally laid out and built on a high bluff, opposite the Otter Tail crossing, about two miles below where the Heart river empties its waters into the Missouri. The site was on the mouldering ruins of an old village of the extinct Anahaways, and had a splendid view of the surrounding lands. The Missouri from this old lookout has a very picturesque appearance. The timber is more plentiful in this neighborhood than is usually found in the valley of this ever-winding, ever rolling stream.

A few miles south of the fort on the river is the heavy timbered Sibley Island, so named, as an obscure tribute to the living memory of one, who, though a true soldier, carried with him on every battle field the sublime courage of showing mercy to the vanquished enemy. Beyond this Island can be seen the blue lines of the Calumet bluffs near old Fort Rice.

Out to the east on Fort Lincoln's front is the wide green Apple creek valley; while a little north of east lies like the brilliant diadem that reflects its sheen in a cluster of jewels, the proud-poised city of Bismarck—North Dakota's capital. Di-

rectly north of Fort Lincoln and across the Heart river, lies Mandan, the metropolitan giant of the west side.

Fort Lincoln thus to view, had originally been christened Fort McKean, in honor of a brave Pennsylvania officer who fell on one of the battle fields of the civil war. The original purpose of the post had been to quarter the troops employed in protecting from hostile Indian raids the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

When General Custer and his 7th Cavalry came up from the Indian Territory in 1873, he made his cavalry barracks about three quarters of a mile south, and directly under the bluffs of the then rechristened fort, which, owing to growing importance as a headquarters post, had been given the name of the martyred President. From "cavalry quarters" the gradations were easy to "Fort Lincoln under the hill." A few years further on and "Fort Lincoln on the hill," was abandoned and the post that still bears that honored name rests quietly on the low bench land beside the great river, where often the morning bugle call had awakened from peaceful slumbers, for the duties of the day, so many of those who found the last bed of their eternal sleep around and among the broken buttes of the Little Big Horn.

But it is of Fort McKean or "Lincoln on the hill" during its construction period that I write, The Sioux had as yet shown no particular hos-

tility in the country bordering on the Heart river, within the limits of the Northern Pacific Railroad, until Interpreter Girard had been ordered up to Fort Berthold, to enlist and bring down some thirty Aricaree braves to do scouting service around the new post. This was the latter part of May, 1872. This act was to Sioux comprehension a virtual declaration of war on the part of the commandant and the garrison, the Sioux and Aricaree being still at open war.

Two of these Indian scouts were killed in about a week after their arrival at the post. They were escorting the mail to Fort Rice, and were waylaid in a coulee near the Little Heart river.

As the season advanced and the grass grew green for their ponies' feed, the Sioux became bolder and finally made a partial investment of the fort, and every few days the officers and soldiers standing within safe quarters behind the ramparts would witness in open view, gladiatorial contests between the Aricaree and the Sioux, that would have gladdened the stony heart, and excited the dormant nerves, of the old Roman of the days of the savage combats within the walls of the gory-famed Colosseum of the Eternal city.

On one occasion the Sioux rode up almost within stone throw of the wooden walls of the fort, and shot down an old Aricaree. A son of the old man seeing his father fall, rushed out saying as he went, "over my father's dead body I die!"

and the Sioux kept him to his word. The outcome of it all was, that when the Aricarees were discharged in November of the same year, they left nearly one third of their whole number behind them, the victims of Sioux bullets, war-axes and bludgeons.



One stormy day in December, several weeks after the discharge of the scouts from Fort Abraham Lincoln, they came sauntering along through the woods towards my stockade. They had come leisurly up along the river from the fort, hunting the deer and elk in the timbered bends. While in camp near the Square Buttes they had observed "Sioux sign" and made hasty departure for my place, which had good shelter and some advantages of defense.

Among the party was a middle-aged woman. She was one of the newly made widows, her husband having died bravely in front of Fort Abraham Lincoln. She was cook for the party, while her son, a boy of perhaps fifteen summers, was acting as one of the horse guards.

During their stay the mother was continually uneasy lest they had been followed up by the Sioux, who in an unexpected moment would pounce upon their horses and her boy, whose duty led him out on the watch, might fall as her husband had fallen and leave her utterly alone.

When relieved he would return to the camp in

safety her eyes would sparkle and glisten a reflection, as it were, of the shining mirror of a happy heart. A mother's eye watched his every movement and a mother's love was continually finding endearing expressions with her tongue. "I love my boy," she would say earnestly, "he is so good and so kind to me always." Her actions were so noticeable at the time that the incident remained long in my memory.

Sometime during the spring of 1874, the Sioux made one of their last raids against the village at Berthold. A war party of three hundred came in sight on the west side of the river and signalled their defiance to the Aricarees and their allies the Gros Ventres and Mandans, and bid them with taunting insults to come and meet death. They did not banter in vain. In a few moments the turbid water of the river was covered with numbers of tub-shaped bull boats, the sturdy woman deftly paddling against the current as she faced its eddies and swirls, while the warrior ensconced in the bottom held his gun in one hand and in the other firmly grasped his charger's lariat with the noble beast holding his own vigorously paddling with is forefeet and snorting wildly, as if that gave him an additional propelling power to reach solid ground.

Amidst all this excited throng, there was one calm voice. It was in the boat of the cook and

her son,—those of the Painted Woods hunting party of 1872. She was encouraging him in the same endearing terms—ever dear to her and to him. She bade him be a good soldier and avenge the death of his father. Upon reaching the hostile shore the boy sprang nimbly from the boat, mounted his dripping war horse and was soon from his mother's sight, and amidst his encircling foes.

In a few hours the Sioux were driven from the plain and bluff and scattered like frightened quail far away, until the shadows of the night covered their trails.

The victors—less five—returned to their boats at dusk. The bodies of four had been found by their friends but the fifth, the widow's boy, could nowhere be seen. He had been noticed fighting amidst his enemies, but that was all it was known of him. The victors returned with loud songs across the river, the widow alone remaining to keep silent vigil for her lost boy.

Now listening for approaching foot-steps—now hearing the vigorous thumping of the drums and the loud shrill cries that accompanies the war song of the victors at the village, as wafted across the water in the still air of the night. To her they were sounds of mingled joy and sadness. Where was her boy? Every strange sound brought her hope—every silence wrecked it. When morning came with its streaks of grey dawn, the poor

wretched mother stood watching in shivering silence by her little round boat on the brink of the mist-hidden river.

Time—that balm which so often soothes the heart of the weary laden, brought no comfort to this Indian mother. The traditions of savage life had taught her that there was a dreaded possibility for her son of the fate of a scalpless warrior—a life bordering between the living and the dead. To be among the living and yet remain unseen. Of all the cruel fates that an Indian fears, the horrors of a scalpless warrior's spreads out its blackest pall.

If by that mysterious law that custom had enforced for ages, that sight from each other must be forever hid, she would do all that was left for a mother to do: she would bring him clothes for his back and moccasins for his feet; she would bring him his food, and light for his fire.

Day after day and as month succeeded month this Indian woman could be seen leaving the Agency at Fort Berthold with a little bundle on her back, walk down to the river bank, take her little boat and ferry herself over the river, and then wind her way over the high chain of bluffs to where her boy was last seen by his friends alive, and deposit her bundle on a rising mound and silently return by the same route.

When winter came no storm was too boisterous, no cold to severe, or no snow so deep that

could prevent her making the accustomed journey to the high divide. That nothing but the unmistakable sign of the raven and the wolf as they picked and prowled among her careful stores, never for a moment seemed to discourage her. Long after the melting of the snows in the spring time, the little heap of comforts lay apparently untouched save by the beasts and the birds.

In the month of May, 1875, General Custer, then in command of Fort Abraham Lincoln, determined to stop hostilities between the Sioux and the Aricarees. To this end he invited a general council of these Indians at the fort. They came. The Sioux all splendidly armed and mounted the Aricarees, though poorer, looking their best. The lonely widow had finally been persuaded by her friends to accompany them to learn from the Sioux some certainty as to the whereabouts of her boy.

There is an old custom among these wild tribes of the plains, that on assembling for terms of peace, they first flaunt in each others faces, vicious reminders of the bloody past. Then if they preserve their tempers and conquer their hates they are ready to shake the hand of amity and forgiveness.

On this occasion Son of the Stars, the wise and able chief of the Aricarees, told his followers to 'bear the insults that they may shower upon us

that the end may be peace. They may send our hearts to the ground, oh, my people, but nerve yourselves and bear it well, and bear it in strength."

The two tribes that had been warring for over a century, now came once more, as they had many times before, to shake the friendly hand. The Sioux, as was expected, came flaunting up in savage gorgeousness, with the trophies of former wars tied to their coo sticks. Among their array of scalp-locks, one was carried with a long glistening braid, a few rings and beads, and a bit of cloth tied about them. "Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" came piercing out from the mouth of the Aricaree woman. She had recognized this last as the scalp-lock of her son, and unable to bear more she gave a wild shriek, and fell to the ground. Her poor, over-burdened heart, unable to bear more, had burst in twain.

Chief of the Renegade Arapahoes.

A few miles south of the old Pawnee Indian Agency in the State of Nebraska, there is a small winding stream putting into the Loup river, whose sluggish placid waters with its mirrored surface, had suggested to the Indians long ago, the name of the Looking Glass.

On the Indian trail leading between this now abandoned Pawnee village and the town of Columbus at the junction of the Loup and Platte rivers,—and within four miles of the latter town there resided in the year 1864, and long years before and since—and, for all the narrator knows, still does, an energetic, thrifty and pushing farmer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Murray.

In that year 1864, Mr. Murray had a contract from the Government for putting up the hay for the Pawnee Agency, and as early as the 8th of July, his party was encamped and at work on the meadows at the mouth of the Looking Glass. Mrs. Murray was in charge of the camp, her husband having been summoned on a business engagement a day or two previous to the then capital city of Omaha.

The make up of the party besides Mrs. Murray,

was her brother, one other young man, a sixteen year old boy and a frontier Rambler named Sam. This man Sam had come down the Platte river trail a short time previous, and though given to but little talk, acknowledged that he had been hunting and trapping with the northern Arapahoe Indians in the neighborhood of the Big Horn mountains. It was noticed that he was given to solitary brooding.

About sundown of that July day the party had rested from work to take supper. The Pawnee women from the Agency, who had on previous days been within sight of the camp gathering roots and herbs, were on this afternoon seen to leave the hills almost simultaneously in a body in the direction of the Agency. Sam remarked on seeing this movement that they must have had a scare, and to those about him a nervous look was observed, and his eyes bent toward the hills.

All at once Sam riveted his attention to one spot. A solitary horseman was seen to ride upon the point of a ridge overlooking the hay camp. In a short time he was joined by a companion, soon followed in single file until six of them stood abreast. Then in Indian file they slowly approached the camp. Sam watched them intently all the while without speaking. First a gallop, then a circling move of the mounted strangers, when Sam's face turned livid, he then moved around to his comrades and exclaimed hoarsely :

"They are Arapahoes and I am a dead man!"

Another minute they had contracted the circle in tightening coils, and were upon the unarmed and terrified camp; and every warrior of the horse-man had his bow strung and bent and every shaft was aimed and loosened at Sam's body until he fell, and as he did so feebly exclaimed: "It is Bob—I thought so—I thought so."

After Sam had fallen, Mrs. M.'s brother and the other man fell. The boy escaped in a haycock, Mrs. Murray, after being quivered with a poisoned arrow, fell in the long grass, and in the scramble for Sam's scalp and the stock, she was overlooked. She suffered years after from the effects of this poisoned arrow.

If Sam was correct, here was a war party of six Arapahoes who had come from their main camp six hundred miles away, rode right up within sight of three thousand of their enemies, the Pawnees, and at the risk of almost sure discovery and death, directed their attack on a white man. It was clear that it was Sam they were after, and on him they satisfied their vengeance.

About the middle of May, 1869, the narrator became a passenger from Yankton on an up-bound steamer, the fine side-wheeler Henry M. Shrieve, of St. Louis. One morning, some days after, while steaming along in the neighborhood of old Fort Pierre, we sighted a wood pile, and landed

to wood up. Before landing, however, we had noticed as we passed by, a man and two Indian women on the edge of a sand-bar, sitting beside a skiff tied at anchor, and all three seemingly busy in the necessary and cheerful occupation of eating their grub.

On inquiry at the woodyard, the proprietor averred that they were a "queer set." The Indian women talked a language he did not understand, and the man who "might have once passed for white" would not talk at all. They had come down the river from the north, he furthermore said, and were evidently afraid of the Sioux—so much that they did most of their traveling at night.

The promptings of an idle curiosity caused me to take a walk up to where these strangers were sitting. As far as looks go the man was a hard one. He was dressed in a suit of dirty bleached buckskin, wore a long wig of matted hair and long bushy beard. His dark grey eyes gave forth a cold glassy stare. He deigned not to notice my approach.

"Good evening," I said, when I stopped in front of them. "A fine evening—traveling down the river I suppose?"

The man made no reply, but raising himself up to a standing position he drew from a large heavily beaded scabbard that was tucked in his body belt, a huge dagger, and with eyes now glistening like those of the radiant basilisk, pointed the dagger

at arm's length toward the rising "empress of the night," then just rising in her full majesty above the tree tops, hissed out:

"There is the moon!"

The elder of the two squaws then jumped to her feet and without speaking, tapped her finger on the forehead with a rolling motion—the Indian sign for crazy. With a short mental conflict of ideas, whether the good woman meant the questioner or the questioned, I returned to the steamer at the wood landing.

The interview was short, it was true, but the raising of that dagger toward the moon revealed an identity he could not well hide. The dagger was held in a thumbless hand. It was my first and last interview with the murderous white chief of an outlawed band of the northern or Big Horn Arapahoes.



Arriving at the Fort Berthold Agency in May, I found this outlaw and his squaws had wintered at a woodyard near Sully's Lake, a few miles above the Agency. He had had a small contract made with a woodyard proprietor to chop some cord wood. The contract was faithfully carried out on the renegade's part, thanks to the industry and muscular development of his oldest wife. One peculiarity was very noticable. He carried in his arms wherever he went, two buckskin sacks filled with some heavy material. These sacks

were eighteen inches in length and about six inches in circumference. He spoke of them as his "medicine," and his strange actions attracted attention from people with whom he came in contact, and he was looked upon as very eccentric at the best, if not an unbalanced lunatic.

Early in the spring a gentleman came down from Fort Peck, the then leading trading post of the Durfee & Peck company, who stated that the "crazy" man was none other than Bob North the noted renegade of the Big Horn country. He had been recognized while passing that post, by some Indians who came in on a trading trip from the camp of the hostile Sioux chief Crazy Horse. North, in addition to his other misdeeds, had been accused of helping kill the ten miners in their skiffs, near the mouth of Powder river, during summer of 1863, and was the leader of the Arapahoe contingent of hostiles at the massacre of Phil Kearney, which was mentioned at the time by Mrs. Carrington, in her book, "Absaraka or Home of the Crows."



At Baker's stockade, lower Painted Woods, on New Year's day 1872, the thermometer, hanging on the outward gate, registered forty-five degrees below zero at sunrise. In company with two companions—Messrs. Williams and Grey—we were huddled around a small fire in the cook room, but occasionally taking turns on an outside stroll as

watch, as the time was up to expect the arrival of fifteen lodges of Yanktoney Sioux, a supposed hostile band coming down from the buffalo range. Word had reached us by carrier from the commandant at Fort Stevenson to that effect, with the additional admonition to be on our guard. Our nearest neighbors at the time were some forty miles distant, therefore a little caution was considered advisable,

Toward noon on that day a warm chinook wafted its soft warm breath down along the ice-bound and snow covered Missouri. Out then from their hollow tree snugery came the big-eyed cat owls with their dismal hooting—the Indian danger signal—the sharp reports coming from among the thawing cottonwood like the opening attack on the skirmish line, the shrill chirping of the meat-eating magpie, and added to all these unmusical and discordant sounds, the long drawn howling of the ever wakeful, ever watchful coyotes on the distant buttes of the high divide. Then the dense air descending through the open places or holes of the river ice, thence along the hollows of the raised ice of the sand bars, surging and circling currents produced a moaning sound that roared like the stress and strains of a hurricane in a mighty forest of hemlock or pine. Such scenes and sounds in an almost uninhabited wilderness, bring on betimes an undefinable feeling of lurking fear and harrassed spirit of inky

gloom. In vain our eyes stretched up the river for a sight of the expected hostiles. A glimpse of them would have been a relief—for what fear strains on the imagination like a danger in hiding?

As the wind grew warmer the snow commenced melting very fast, the air took a hazy hue and snags and drifts on distant bars became to the overstrained imagination, moving objects. Black lines now followed the sand bars under the Square Buttes, and around the river line of the Aragara-hoe. From the south, and not from the north as we had expected, moving objects finally came in view. All hands as usual on a fresh alarm came to the bank to closely watch the movements of the strangers. Two persons with a pony hitched in travaux were plainly observed, when some one said: "That is Long Feather the peace maker." But on coming up it proved to be a white man with an Indian woman. They came up to the stockade and asked permission to remain a few days as they were tired out, having come up from the Indian territory, and were endeavoring to make their way to Fort Belknap, near the British line. The man was recognized as a harmless kind of a fellow that formerly resided in the Fort Sully neighborhood, while the red woman was readily known at first sight to be the youngest and favorite wife of Bob North the renegade chief.

During their stay at the Baker stockade, some glimpses of the renegade's life were gathered from this Indian woman, that explained many happenings on the western frontier that had heretofore been a puzzle to many of the bordermen.

She was the daughter of Many Bear, head chief of the Gros Ventres of the Prairie. While on a visit to these Indians on one occasion, North purchased her from her father and thereafter became the second wife to the outlaw.

The man Sam, spoken of in the first part of this sketch, had come to the Arapahoe camp in the first place with North, but had refused to go on war raids with the leader, and Sam's killing was in consequence of his attempted escape. North had returned to the Big Horn mountains with Sam's blood-matted scalp.

His band consisted of twenty-five lodges and spent much of their time fighting Utes or raiding



WHITE CHIEF NORTH'S ARAPAHOE RENEGADES ATTACK A TRAIN

the emigrant trail along the North Platte river.

Thompson concluded his Indian wife's story. He had incidentally met the outlaw and his family a few days after the writer's interesting and pointed interview with him on the sand bar near old Fort Pierre. On his meeting with Thompson his arrogance was subdued. Hundreds of Sioux were after him and if caught would fare badly.

To guide him swiftly out of the country and to be his companion, North made him the generous offer of his youngest wife. The offer was accepted and the four pulled out for the Indian Territory.

It was near the Kansas south line, at midnight in October, 1869, that brought North to the end of his string. The parties were heading for the camp of the southern Arapahoes, and were resting in peaceful slumber, when a body of Kansas vigilantes or robbers,—the survivors could not tell which—pounced upon them and seized the outlaw leader with the remark: "North, you scoundrelly renegade, we have you at last." The "medicine" sacks were taken from him, which without doubt contained gold dust.

North was tied hands and foot and dragged to a tree and hanged. The Arapahoe wife, who fought with the fury of a hyena, shared her white husband's merited doom,—a pitying tear to wife-ly loyalty that forced her across the dark river in the company of her pale-faced mate.

Thompson and his Gros Ventre of the Prairie wife was not disturbed, but ordered to hurriedly pack up and return northward.

After a few days rest at the Baker stockade, Thompson and his wife started on the journey, but met Charley Reynolds then hunting around Lake Mandan. The two became his camp keepers and served faithfully. "Em," as her husband affectionately called her, had the fair complexion of the northern tribes. At the time of which we are writing she was about twenty years of age. She could talk a little English, and it was pathetically interesting to see the painstaking efforts she made to imitate the civilized ways of a good housewife.

While returning from an autumn trap in the White Earth country in 1875, I passed down through Fort Berthold Agency, and there met Charley Reynolds who had just then returned from an up river junketing trip in company with President Grant's brother Orvill, who had been awarded the post traderships along the northwestern frontier. I had also met them on their outward journey at Grennell's ranch above the crossing of the White Earth river, when they then said their objective point was Fort Belknap, the Agency of the River Crows and Gros Ventres of the Prairie.

After their arrival at Belknap and rested somewhat, Reynolds said he naturally enquired for his

old campkeepers, "Em" and husband, who had left him in the summer of 1872, for Fort Belknap. He was told they had arrived there all right, but that the chief Many Bear, Em's father, and all of his family and the principal part of his tribe, had died during the small pox epidemic of the winter of 1869. Some Agency employee pointed out a place beyond the fort buildings where Thompson was quietly resting, but that Em was lying sick over in a lodge not far away.

While moving around a group of lodges near the place pointed out by the employee, he heard the familiar voice of the one he was seeking. It was in broken and feeble tones and before entering the lodge, "Oh Thomson! oh my Thompson, come," was being repeated. On entering he saw the sick woman lying upon an old buffalo robe and partially covered with bits of filthy cloth. He saw she had been left absolutely alone and was fast passing away. She made no sign of recognition of Reynolds' presence, but kept on repeating, "Oh Thompson! oh my Thompson, come." Poor dying, girl your cry is for naught. Your Thompson's body is already mouldering under the sod.

A Fated War Party.

BOURGEMONT the Indian Missionary and traveler, who visited that part of the great plains now included in the State of Kansas, in 1724, described tribes of Indians that have long since ceased to exist. Among these were the Indians of the Paduca nation who roamed over the country about the headwaters of the Kansas river.

When Lewis and Clark ascended the Missouri in 1804, they encamped near where Council Bluffs, Iowa, now stands. At that encampment they diligently enquired of the condition, numbers and names of Indian tribes west of the Missouri river, and especially those bordering on the river Platte. The descriptions of many of the Indian tribes of even that comparatively late day, show that in the past as at present, extermination or absorption of the American aboriginal nations goes gradually on.

Among other tribes described in Lewis and Clark's journal was the Staitan or Flyers, a band at that time numbering not more than one hundred men. A few years later even these were exterminated, but just what tribe became executioners has never been clearly established, though the

event without much doubt happened on Lodge Pole creek, a stream running into the North Platte river. Here a large number of human bones were found some little time after the known disappearance of the Flyers from off the face of the plains.

These Staitans were the most warlike and ferocious of all the American Indians of whom we have any record. They were the best mounted as well as the best horsemen of the plains, and moved with the buffalo in their migrations; claiming no territory where buffalo were not found and all country within the immediate range of the moving herds. They were, in truth, the red Ishmaelites of the interior American wilderness. Their hands were against every one not of their own, and every tribe on the range regarded the defiant Staitans as an uncompromising and inveterate foe.

The Staitan Indian never yielded in battle. To meet an enemy was to fight him, to conquer him, or to die. They never spared either age or sex of an enemy. Their women rode in the ranks at every battle and fought as her mate fought, and was as merciless and unsparing as he.

To a people whose chosen virtues are courage and endurance these bold Staitans were at once the fear and the wonder. Before their extermination even, certain societies or war bands within the government of several of the Indian

tribes of the west organized in partial imitation of the fighting codes of these flyers of the wide plains. To have the unwavering courage of a Staitan was the loftiest ambition a warrior could aspire to, and to be likened unto one, the highest compliment his vanity could reach out for.

Around and about the country where the Rivière Du Lac empties its waters into the Mouse river, there formerly resided and claimed the soil, the "Band of Canoes" one of the three bands of the South Assinaboine. This Band of Canoes while being of nomadic habits in the summer usually passed the greater part of the winter season in some timbered belt along this river of the lakes. Here the pickerel and other fish swarm up from Lake Winnipeg in vast shoals, and by cutting holes through the ice a plentiful supply could be obtained by them, and with the herds of deer, antelope and buffalo that formerly roamed there, a food supply of unceasing plenty was the happy fortune of these Band of Canoes.

While these Indians were not particularly of a warlike nature, yet like most tribes they kept a few war parties occasionally out on the skirmish line. To the north they had a sometime enemy in the Cree, while to the south they occasionally exchanged words and war raids with the Gros Ventres and Mandans of the Missouri. Like some of the tribes on the plains south of them, the

Band of Canoes had exclusive groups or "clubs" with separate totems for adoration or worship.

In midwinter, 1822, Tall Bull, a Band of Canoe war chief, who with his followers had chosen the valorous Staitans as the objects of imitation, left his comfortable quarters on the Mouse river at the head of twenty-two braves, and went southwest over the high dividing ridge between that stream and the Upper Knife river. While here floundering through the snow one of the warriors accidentally broke his scalping knife. Now the breaking of a knife blade on a war raid is as much a dreaded sign of ill-omen and impending disaster to the Indian, as the breaking of a sword blade or a lance point was to sturdy knight errant in the days of the Gid or of Boabadil El Chico in Gothic or Moorish Spain.

What was to be done? The unchangeable oath of Staitan was never to turn to the right or to the left on a war raid. Never turn back without first striking the enemy, and never retreat while one was in his immediate front.

A parry was attempted with Fate. The unlucky knife breaker was sent home in disgrace, and facing a blinding snow storm the balance continued forward.

That winter is on record as one of the coldest ever experienced on the Upper Missouri within the memory of the oldest Indian inhabitant of that country. During one of the fiercest of the

many January storms, the buffalo left the high-land prairies and sought the timbered bottoms of the river for shelter and fell an easy prey to the hunters. Between the Counted Woods and Lake Mandan, a great slaughter was made of the benumbed and helpless brutes by the Gros Ventres and Mandans. In the midst of their excitement they were somewhat surprised by a small body of men, like the buffalo coming from the bleak plains to the shelter of timber. The strangers seemed bewildered and lost. Their arms hung by their sides as the intense cold stiffened their limbs so that they could but slowly drag themselves along. In the meantime the Mandan and Gros Ventres hunters left the slaughter of the buffalo to surround the intrusive newcomers who had refused on approaching to signal the sign of the friend.

Seeing escape impossible and their benumbed condition a bar to successful resistance, the leader gave the simple word of command "follow me."

They walked out on the frozen channel pressed on all sides by their taunting foes, who though so many times their number had as yet failed to close in upon their half-famished and half-frozen prey.

In their front was an air hole through the ice that owing to the swift circling current of the water, had withstood the severest tests of the cold and remained open. With a defiant tread

the leader stepped up and into the circling, seething waters. In single file each followed the other in quick succession into the plunge and as rapidly each disappeared from the sight of their baffled and astonished would be captors.

Thus perished Tall Bull and his fated war party of the Band of Canoes, and last imitators of the Staitan or Flying Indians.



McCall the Miner.

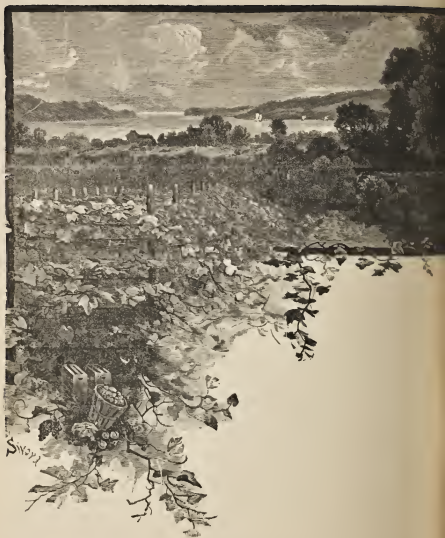
ON the east bank of the Missouri, just across from the mouth of the lower Knife river, a ridge of high bluffs come up abruptly to the water's edge.

The general view from these lofty, over-topping ridges, along the far winding valley of the mighty waterway, is one of the most artistic grouping of nature's handiwork, that can be seen anywhere in that section of country.

The valley of the Knife river with its short serpentine windings and its inner bends thickly studded with groves of ash and box elder, is always pleasant to look upon. On the south bank of this clear water stream, near where its waters mingle with the wide Missouri, now stands the modern town of Stanton,—the same site where eighty years ago the last village of the extinct tribe of the Anahaways had run their life race to the finish.

Across the Knife river on the north side, near the high bench lands, can be seen the round earth circles, with here and there a raised mound, that mark the spot where the great Gros Ventres town of Metaharta stood though centuries of In-





LAKE MANDAN.

and life ; where the chief Horned Weasel sat sulkily in his lodge in the days of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Twelve miles below on the same side of the Missouri, yet in plain view from these high bluffs on the east bank, can be seen the plains where once stood the famous frontier trading post of early day history—old Fort Clark, and near by the low mounds that marked the spot where the principal part of the Mandan nation laid down their lives to a death-dealing pestilence.

A few miles further down along the banks of the big river, passing juts of broken hills and bad lands until Lake Mandan—

“In all her length far winding lay,
With promitory, creek, and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinal enchanted land.”

Underneath these bluffs of the east and north side of the Missouri, described in the first part of this sketch, lignite coal indications were noticed by early travelers, and efforts had been made by the steamboat companies toward their opening and development ; but little came of it, except for a fresh subject in a dull conversation.

Memory recalls a little grass plot, lying between these rugged precipitous bluffs, and the steep high bank at the river's brink. It recalls a

neat little cabin built of small cottonwood logs in the centre of the oases. It recalls a little iron grey pony picketed on choice spots where the nutritious buffalo grass kept him in a pleasant mood. Poor faithful old "Jim," we revere you for your faithful master's sake. But memory is not done yet. It sees up against the side of the high bluff a large round opening, with the deadening sound of a miner's pick coming out from the interior. It sees the figure of an old grey-headed; grey bearded man with pick in hand toiling faithfully among a pile of coal. Is he alone? Does he talk to the shelved walls around him that gave back answers in his own voice? "My fortune! my fortune, here is my fortune!" Out of your shelves, oh, deadened sound, and repeat once more if never again; "My fortune, my fortune, here is my fortune!"



During the years 1872-3. one of the most welcome visitors to my Painted Woods stockade, was McCall the Miner. He was at that time about sixty years of age, though his carriage was erect and his step as firm as one twenty years younger.

He had left his home, which, if we remember aright, was in the State of Illinois, and joined the gold hunter's cavalcade to the mines of California in 1849. For twenty years thereafter he roamed in prospecting tours through the mountain ranges of the Pacific coast.

He had followed every "stampede" of any consequence within the gold belt. Had experienced a disappointment at Pike's Peak; felt the burning sands of the Nevada desert; went hungry at Salmon river; suffered hardships at Frazer river; and suffered everything but death in that wild mid-winter rush to the Sun river, where so many prospectors slept their eternal sleep tightly wrapped in a mantle of drifting snow.

In all my personal experience among men I have no recollection of knowing of one who had seen so much disappointment, yet carry the bright beacon of hope ever in front of him—ever throwing its reflective rays far in advance to bid the baffled seeker after fortune come on—as McCall.

Every visit left the impressions of my first trip to his mine, when standing near, unbeknown to him hearing him repeat in that dark cavern to himself, "My fortune, my fortune here is my fortune!"

McCall's coal mine project, like so many of his previous ventures, was a failure. Outside markets for his product there were none, and the few inhabitants that then resided on the Missouri slope, found the outcroppings of coal in abundance at their own doors.

It was, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that the veteran prospector received the appointment of mineralogical expert from General Cus.

ter, on behalf of the Government for the Black Hills expedition during the summer of 1874.

It is from the memory of some of the men who accompanied the military opening of that treasure trove, that gave us a glimpse of McCall during that trip. He had long been an earnest advocate of its occupation and utilization by the white race. Now that his hopes were at last realized, his spirits took a cheerful turn.

Up on the side of a sloping hill in a deep cut ravine that faces the Belle Fourche river, stands McCall. It is a warm June day and Custer and his soldiers have unsaddled their horses, and while some have sought the breezy pine tree shades for an after dinner nap, others are admiring the profuse clusters of wild flowers that were in wide bloom down the valley. Near McCall stand two other miners, and each like himself, with pick in hand.

McCall strikes his pick into the earth—good mother earth she is now and yields up her rich treasure with unsparing hand. "Why, here is gold in the grass roots!" exclaimed the old miner. Custer was sent for, and a dispatch as embodied in McCall's words, was written out and handed to Charley Reynolds, who soon after placed it on the wires at Fort Laramie and thence by lightning's speed sent to the uttermost parts of the civilized earth.

Meantime the news of the gold find spread though the camp of Custer's men, and an exciting and happy feeling seemed to prevail among them all—no, not all. McCall stood by in musing, pensive silence, though here his life dream brought forth a realistic and joyful awakening. Those near him hear in whispers from his lips his fateful dream words: "My fortune! my fortune, here is my fortune!"

After the return of the Black Hills expedition to Fort Lincoln, McCall, now released from his obligation to the Government, set about organizing a private expedition to the Hills, though well knowing it was unceded Sioux land, being the most valuable part of their reservation.

A party of about twenty men returned with him to Rapid creek some time in October. They were soon joined by other parties until the Black Hills became full of prospecting miners and adventurers.

Up to this time the Sioux had not disturbed any of the intruding whites. But this could not be expected to continue. Protests against the unlawful occupation by Indian representatives, and a feeble attempt had been made to accede to their wishes by Government agents, but were futile. Popular clamor among westerners who were interested one way or another in the opening, created a strong feeling, and the old cry that "the

Indian must go" as he went so many times before. Military made some attempt to stay the tide, but were powerless to enforce any edict however just, against trespassers who were backed by public sympathy and clamor.

Emigrants commenced gathering at the various outfitting points leading to this new Eldorado. Impromptu songs of an inspiring nature were sung on the march or at the evening camp fires, with a general chorus like the following ;—

"Hurrah, Hurrah, we're marching west to-day,
Move on, move on, and give the right of way ;
So we'll sing the chorus, for we're going out to stay,
In the beautiful golden Black Hills."

"Where is McCall?" Such was the question often asked by the campers in the Black Hills, during the winter of 1874-5. No one had seen him since November, when he had left his party in a "cranky" spell, and had saddled up "old Jim" and led an extra pony in pack. He hied over the ridges in a high dudgeon at some fancied grievance, and was seen no more by his friends and acquaintances.

To the Indian, then, we turn once again, as we have many times before, for the last chapter in a frontiersman's life.



Black Hills, on an April day, 1875. Six Indians belonging to Black Moon's band of Uncpapa Sioux, approach the Hills from the west. They are on a hostile reconnoissance among the white

trespassers. While taking close observations along a small creek, a white man was observed riding a pony, and another one with pack following behind leisurly nipping bunches of grass. The Indians move toward the man in an unsuspecting, easy gait. On first observing the Indians and thinking himself yet unseen, he rode under cover of some bush clumps that he was skirting, the loose pony following. He had hardly time to congratulate himself on his fortunate escape, when his startled ears heard the ominous word, "How."

The white man repeated in a faint way, "How," and at the same time peering out through the branches on six stalwart, ugly looking savages with red and yellow painted faces, sitting in their saddles in a nonchalant manner, but with gun covers drawn.

"Come here!" shouted one of the Indians in good English.

Now, old man, where are your wits? Do you not notice the peculiar paint on their faces? Do you not see those naked gun barrels? True, there has been no white man killed around the Black Hills yet. You have a good gun and pistol. You have the shelter of the brush, and there are but six of them. Strike, old man, strike!

"Come here."

Once more old musty proverb;—"He who hesitates is lost."

Unguarded man. You have left your covert to shake a proffered hostile hand.

=

Several weeks after this event, some miners in passing near this bush clump discovered the partly decomposed corpse of a white headed and white bearded old man. He had been horribly mutilated, and contents of a large sack of gold dust had evidently been taken from his effects, cut open and scattered over his bleeding body. Oh, faithful trees above this bleaching, unburied skeleton, why keep sighing with every wafting breeze : "My fortune ! my fortune, here is my fortune."

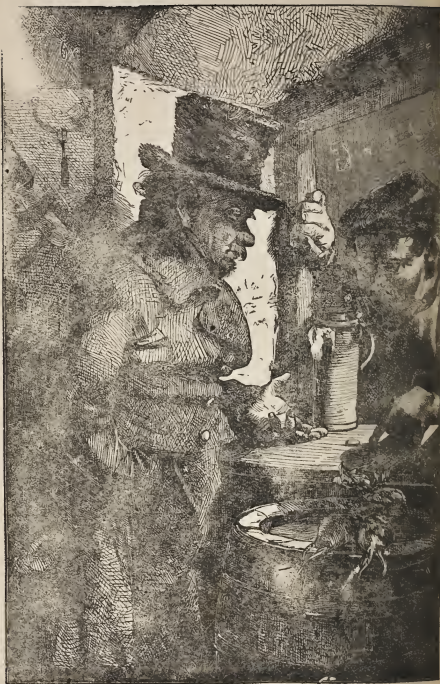
Buckskin Joe.

THE Indian usually bestows some name on his child early in life, but that name is often changed to conform to some peculiarity of character in the after habits of the individual, or from some heroic achievement in war or prowess in hunting.

The average white frontiersman, in spite of his antipathy to the general character and customs of the red race, has unconsciously copied many of the Indian's habits and peculiarities; among them the custom of sometimes bestowing a name on a newcomer in the neighborhood, suited to the strangers style of action, habits of speech or oddity of dress or whatever else impressed them as strange on said newcomers first appearance among the "old timers."

It was indeed an uninteresting section of the wild west, that did not, some time in its history produce a "Buckskin Joe." He appears in various figures in the early annals of Texas, California, Oregon and Colorado.

The Buckskin Joe of the Upper Missouri was duly christened by the afore-mentioned "old timers" when he appeared among them in 1868, after



OLD TIMERS.

having filled the full measure in his fringed buckskin suit and array of gaudy trappings that accompanied it. He was about eighteen years of age, and had come out from his home in far New England to visit his father who was in the Government service at one of the military posts.

Youthful Joseph had an impressionable mind. From the forward cabin of an elegant steamer, he saw a new manner of life and in strange contrast with his former surroundings in his eastern natal place. He saw vast tracts of land on either side of him which seemed as trackless as the sandy deserts in the Soudan wastes of Africa. He saw as the boat plowed through the swirling waters—like a proud crested duck,—animals start from their willow coverts and flee in afright before strange noises from the huge paddle wheels and escaping steam of the boiler. He saw at long intervals along the bank of the river a strange colored race of men and women living in skin lodges, or in houses shaped like an inverted wooden bowl. He saw at long stretches, log shacks at convenient places, where wood was cut and piled in large ricks for the passing steamers, the work done by men who appeared to him to be a cross between these wild denizens of the skin teepee and of his own people. He saw how free and untrammelled were the lives they led, without the constraints of a society where poverty was held as a crime, the poor or unfortunate ridiculed and despised

as he had seen in places back in a land where a high pressure civilization ruled. He saw the hunter, trapper and wolfer, with their own persons as well as the fiery steeds they bestrode, decked out in high feather, and whose lives seemed a continual holiday.

These varying scenes of life were presented to Joseph in an endless turn of kaleidoscopic views as the steamers puffed and blowed against the stiff June current that flooded down from the snowy heights of the Rocky Mountains. But his mind settled on the one point, that a future hunter's life was his destiny.

About those times, (1868) steamboating on the Upper Missouri river had reached its zenith. Boats coming up from St. Louis were loaded with passengers for the new gold fields of Montana and Idaho. The steamers were provided with well furnished cabins and state rooms. A good larder being indispensable on so long a journey, inducements were held out to the woodyard men of the upper country to furnish fresh meat as well as wood to the passing boats. As the timbered bends from Fort Randall to Fort Benton contained at that time large numbers of deer and elk, and the prairies the greater part of the same distance contained numerous herds of antelope, besides occasional droves of buffalo, the task of plentifully supplying the boats with wild fresh meats was not a difficult one.

At this early stage in his hunting career, Joseph hired out to the boat captains as "meat maker" on their passage through the wild game section. His passage secure, a good table to sit down to at regular intervals, credit at the bar on the prospective roll of deer and antelope hides, was a self-satisfied condition of things that the young hunter thoroughly enjoyed and had no wish to jeopardize in indiscreet action. He entertained his fellow passengers with a loquaciousness that would have done credit to one older in the calling than he. But somehow the tolerant and good-natured captains usually discovered at the end of two or three days, the painfully suspicious fact, that the affable "meat maker" notwithstanding the showy insignia of his calling, usually hunted with his tongue. He generally found excuses for the non-appearance of fresh meat on the boat's table,—in the points through which he would hunt while the boat's crew were wooding up, he "saw tracks of a big war party" or the, "Indians had just driven the point," or at another time he would come in from the point out of breath with a detailed statement of how he wounded a big buck but lost him in the thick brush, or "lost the blood trail of a nice fat doe." But, alas, for our young friend's free rides, free dinners and free whiskey, his star as meat maker grew dim while the tongue-hunting star shone out with the resplendent glare of a big harvest moon, and it was a green captain

indeed who employed Buckskin Joe as wild meat hunter on a Fort Benton trip.

The next heard of Buckskin was around Fort Buford. He came into that post one day during a January storm and in a brisk business-like air, walked up to the commandant's quarters to make a requisition on that officer for the use of two six mule teams to haul up the carcasses of about one dozen elk he had butchered near the Lower Muddy Shute. And after being feasted and fed for two or three days as the hero of a great killing—a worthy rival of Reynolds—the post quartermaster furnished the necessary teams and help to bring several tons of the meat up to the fort for the use of the soldiers. After arriving at the scene of the great hunt, but one elk was found. Following a few pantomimic bursts of despair, Joe condemned a pack of imaginary wolves for depriving the garrison of some toothsome feasts.

Next Joseph appears at Fort Berthold, and while here, reached out for a new vocation—that of a whiskey trader. With a five gallon keg, he succeeded in getting three fine ponies, enough as he happily expressed it, to “put me feet foremost.”

He had hardly made his trade and satisfied himself of its happy termination when a young Gros Ventre, who had once been Joe's partner on an unlucky hunt, came up while the new master still held his ponies by the lariats, and cast admiring glances upon them.

"My friend," said the young Gros Ventre, "you are now rich, while I am poor; you have three good ponies while I have none. Take pity on me."

Here was an old partner in distress. Joe's heart swelled, and the lariat of the best pony was then placed in the Gros Ventre's hands, and the happy recipient went off rejoicing.

Then came an old Aricaree. "My young friend," said the blandly smiling red man, "you have two fine ponies—you are rich. I have a nice daughter. Give me your best pony and my daughter is your wife." Buckskin Joe assented, and thus by custom of the Aricaree, he had become entwined in Hymen's coil.

He had hardly taken possession of his bronzed bride, before he heard an Agency employee cry: "Run for your life Joe, the police are after you." And a short time after he was dragged out from his place in hiding by the police, who placed him on a down river boat for Yankton, but he escaped near Fort Rice, and returned to his haunts along the river.

At the age of twenty years, Buckskin Joe became a changed young man. He was done with foolish pranks. He became a good hunter and trapper and killed several Indians in a fair fight. He became the most proficient Indian sign talker of any white man along the Upper Missouri river. He was a good prairie man and his services were held in high estimation by the Durfee & Peck

company who had temporary trading houses established at convenient places throughout the northern buffalo range. To keep up communication between these isolated posts in a hostile Indian country required the services of experienced frontiersman.

The closing days of Joe's career come to us while he was employed in this kind of service.

=

Fort Belknap on the upper branches of Milk river near the Bear Paw mountains, was in the neighborhood of several Indian tribes who were continually in a state of open hostility with each other and making it very dangerous at all times on the prairies outside of the immediate protection of the fortified bastions. In such a range the Indian "sign talker" was invaluable, and Joe's proficiency was everywhere recognized as fully equal to the red men that he imitated.

His education in this line had been received in a peculiar school. He had early made the sign language a special study, and while at Belknap he hit upon the novel idea of finishing up this study by marrying a deaf and dumb woman of the tribe of River Crows. Besides educating her husband she brought into the world a young son who was almost idolized by the white father. Joe's affection for his boy "Billy" is one of the pleasant memories of the employees of Fort Belknap during the years 1873-4-5.

He was given a dispatch to carry from Fort Belknap to Fort Benton, some time in December 1877. The first night out he encamped in a sparsely timbered coulee with a surrounding of high and broken hills. A little flurry of snow during the night, and it being cold and blustery, he kept up a large fire and had evidently passed a cheerless night. When morning came he roused himself and took a glance in the direction where his pony had been picketed, but found that it had disappeared. Hastily walking to the place where he had driven the pin, he found all the appearances of a scare. Neglecting his gun he started off in the direction that the animal had evidently taken, and on going a short distance, saw him feeding quietly near a ravine. Without suspicion he went forward until within about one hundred yards of the animal when six painted-faced Indians arose from hiding in a sharp turn in the ravine, when one of them, evidently the leader, thus addressed him: "Hog-faced white man, your time has come," at the same time a volley was fired bringing the unfortunate dispatch carrier badly wounded to the ground.

Joe saw himself entrapped and without any means of defense, yet raising himself on his knees he thus replied in the Sioux language to his advancing murderers:

"Why do you kill me? You are Medicine Bear's Yanktoneys; I have harmed none of you."

"White men have too many tongues," replied the Indian leader, when with another volley from their rifles, Joe fell backward to join the long list of the graveless dead.

A tear to Joe's memory say you. A tear for poor "Billy" say we.

=

In the year 1884, R. H. Allen, who took charge of the Agency of the Blackfeet, Gros Ventres and River Crows, on April 1st of that year reported the condition of the Indians at Fort Belknap and the reservation as follows:

"When I entered upon the duties of agent I found the Indians in a deplorable condition. Their supplies had been limited, and many of them were gradually dying of starvation. I visited a large number of their tents and cabins the second day after they had received their weekly rations, looked through them carefully, and found no provisions, except in two instances. All bore marks of suffering from lack of food, but the little children seemed to have suffered most; they were so emaciated that it did not seem possible for them to live long, and many of them have since passed away."

Incidents of Indian Warfare.

THE merciless and indiscriminate slaughter of the innocent and helpless whom the fortunes of war have placed in the power of the victor, is one of the darkest and most indefensible traits of character of the principal tribes of the American Aborigines. From the day that Columbus landed upon the little island in the West Indies until the present day, Indian warfare has been but little else than a continued war of extermination between the various belligerent tribes of the red race.

Two or three incidents from personal observation has caused the writer to earnestly hope that the days of warfare as conducted by the average Indian tribe is forever over in America. Such affairs as below described were of almost daily occurrence among the wild western tribes, but a few years ago, and the ones herein related happened among tribes that are above the average in intelligence and have many of the better attributes and humane instincts that govern the hearts and brains of many of the more enlightened races.

Sometime during the month of May, 1872, having an errand there, I saddled a pony for a trip to

Fort Berthold. The morning after my arrival at the Agency, the whole village was startled from their slumbers at early dawn, by the rapid firing of guns accompanied by successive war whoops. It was the signal for return of a war party of thirty-five Gros Ventres and Mandans who had been on a raid down in the neighborhood of Beaver creek where they had come upon an unprotected camp of two lodges of Sioux.

It appears that on the morning of the same day of the arrival of the war party on that creek, a party of white ex-employees from Grand River Agency, on their way to Burleigh City had encamped over night near the creek crossing not far from the two lodges of Sioux, and on leaving, the Indian's ponies followed after the train.

Discovering their loss two Sioux men from the camp started after the herd and those that remained consisting of five persons—two woman and three children saw approaching from the bluffs a large body of horsemen who came riding up at full speed uttering horrible yells, that stupefied with fear the helpless women and children. When the warriors discovered they had no men to fight, they leisurely dismounted and killed the two oldest children, then ordered the elder of the two women to cook a feast for the entire party, while the other was taken out some distance by some of the young men, outraged, killed and scalped. After eating a hearty dinner prepared by the

Sioux women, her troubled heart was hushed in death. The two boys first killed belonged to this woman, and the mental suffering that must have been hers, is terrible to think of. Outside of the lodge lay the mangled bodies of her children, while the hungry murderers were waiting for the dinner she was preparing—a banquet to her own and her children's destroyers.

A little girl belonging to the woman first killed was taken by an old Mandan with the intention of adopting her, but her cries exasperated some young Gros Ventres of the party, who viciously pulled the baby out of the old man's arms and battered its brains out against a large stone.

Such were the particulars of the Beaver creek raid, as told by the participants on their return. A war dance of the party was started and the scalp locks of the poor victims were the first thing in order. These were placed on high poles, sometimes carried and at other times placed in the centre of the grotesque dancers. The next day the scalps were thrown to the old women who took them and formed in line and paraded in bands before the various stores, with a dancing bout by turns in front of them.

Those who had lived on the patronage of the Indian were now compelled as is the tribal custom, to set before these gleeful and dancing guests, well filled flesh pots and smoking coffee kettles.

Thus with the scalp locks of the murdered Sioux women and children, now dragging them on the ground, now holding them up to taunts and insults from the motley crowd that jeered and hooted through the dusty streets of this Indian town,

=

Some two months after the Beaver creek massacre, while the writer was busy erecting some buildings at Painted Woods, my attention was arrested by the sounds of Indian songs coming through the timber.

It proved to be an Aricaree war party of seven. The leader of the party was Bob Tailed Bull, heretofore regarded as the foremost soldier of the tribe. The other six were Indians I had frequently met in a war party make up.

The leader after a minute's rest, in company with his brother-in-law, remounted their ponies and started off through the timber, bearing aloft on an upright pole a large scalp lock of long Indian hair fastened on the top. The remaining Indians then related a story of a savage encounter in which they bore off a Sioux scalp with the high honors of war. For my sympathy in their cause and recognition of their prowess, they demanded a feast of venison, bread and coffee, as in the good old days of Indian supremacy along the river.

Some days after this episode the true story of the scalp lock and its victim came up from Gay-

ton's ranch. Mr. Gayton being located at this time nearly opposite the present Sioux Agency of Standing Rock.

Andrew Marsh, who told the story, said that while himself and his young Sioux wife, a girl of sixteen years, were some distance from this ranch, a party of seven Indians was observed riding toward them through the high grass of the bottom land. The girl, trained from childhood to close observation of surrounding objects, quickly noticed the Indians were not of her own tribe, and looking up appealingly to her husband's face said: "Oh, they are Aricarees—they will kill me." As Marsh was unarmed, they endeavored to make their way to the ranch, but this move had been anticipated by the mounted Indians, and after placing themselves between it and their intended victim, they rode up to them with uncovered gun barrels. One riding behind where the girl was standing, shot her down, and two or three of them then jumped from their ponies cut and tore from her head her long loose hair, and remounting, rode rapidly away.

A singular fatality followed these murderers. The chief of the party was afterwards one of Custer's sergeants of scouts, and was one of the first to fall at the battle on the Little Big Horn. The balance, with one exception, came to violent or bad ends.

The last of this kind of murders by these Fort Berthold bands took place on the Mouse river in the summer of 1882.

It happened shortly after, and on the same raid in which Ocean Man and his party were destroyed, the account of which is written in a former sketch. After leaving the Cree camp this war party of Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees followed down the big bend until they came to the mouth of Wintering river, where an old Red River half breed and his family were living a trapper's life. Two little boys aged about nine and eleven years, belonging to the trapper, were surprised by this war party, killed in a cold blooded manner and cut to pieces. Through the intercession of others the tribes at Berthold were led to regard the killing of these children as unprovoked and without justification. A compromise of the matter, rutable in Indian inter-tribal law, the father of the murdered children was by these Indians made a present of thirty-five ponies as partial indemnification for his loss.

Fort Totten Trail.

THE distance between the military post of Fort Totten on Devils Lake, and the now abandoned Fort Stevenson on the Missouri river, is about one hundred and twenty miles. The two posts were originally of the same military chain and as a consequence mail communication was regularly kept up and a well defined trail was beaten out that remained open for several years and only became blind when the evacuation of Fort Stevenson was ordered by the war department.

The country through which the trail runs is over a high and treeless plain. About midway between the forts rise the high ridges of the Dog Den mountains, a spur of Coteau du Prairie, the great back bone that runs from the Bijou Hills on the south passing almost entirely through the two Dakotas to the northward until lost in the surface depressions of the lower Saskatchewan valley.

The Dog Den has long been sacred ground with the surrounding Indian tribes. It was here from these scraggy timbered heights that the good old Prophet of the Gros Ventres sat and watched the great flood of waters come down from the far north on his unbelieving people in the Mouse

river valley who heeded him not and were lost.

Over among the deep ravines and canyons on the north side, where the wild Indian dogs blocked the passage that led deep down into the bowels of the earth from whence came the buffalo that pastured and fattened above ground for the Aricaree and other faithful devotees to the Great Spirit.

Along and around these hills the last of the great herds of buffalo remained until 1868, and many Indian tribes, notably the Sioux bands, made permanent winter camp around the oak timber coulees within the shadows of the main range.

It was about these times the country around the Dog Den became known as "the land of mysterious disappearances."

While Time in its own good way eventually uncovers hidden skeletons for all to view, yet many of the mysteries of the Fort Totien trail, are still as it were, a strong box to the curious.

The military mail between these posts had been in the first start-out carried by soldiers, but many were killed at some lone place on the road; and what was of equal importance to the military, the mail sacks were burned or otherwise destroyed.

It finally became so risky that some of the best versed frontiersmen were employed to carry the mails through the hostile Indian lines, which for

safety sake was accomplished by traveling at night and lying in some secure place during the day.

In winter during the stormy periods the mail carrier would then change his two saddle ponies for a team of dogs in tandem, hitched to a carry-all. With such a rig the snow filled coulees could be crossed without difficulty, and besides a stormy headwind could be faced with more speed by dogs than ponies.

Probably no mail carrier on that hazardous trail ever acquitted himself so satisfactorily to the post officers, as a small wiry young Highlander called by his fellows, "Scotty" Richmond. On one occasion during a bitter norther, in December 1867, he was compelled to kill his faithful horse, rip his bowels open and crawl in their place, and there remained for three days, or until the storm had passed by.

The following February he was again caught in a storm when about half way on his journey. This time the blizzard lasted nine days. He had three dogs and a carryall, and running out of grub, was compelled to slay and eat two of them before reaching Fort Stevenson.

With all their hardships and dangers these mail carriers were poorly compensated, and what little they received were easily euchred out of it by the post trader or other hangers on around these military posts, for the hardy carrier half expected each trip to be his last, and consequently did not

propose to leave any thrifty looking bundles behind for other people to fight over, if by chance they awoke some morning to sum up his absence as that of "another mail carrier out of luck."

But dangerous as the country was in those days, fool-hardy wanderers were continually roaming over the plains, seeking for the most part some imaginary place "where there were good times." Sometimes these men were alone and unarmed, depending in such cases when hostiles were met, on the Indian's well known antipathy to shedding the blood of an unfortunate lunatic. At other times parties of two or three, leading an old sore-backed pony or enjoying the music of the Red River cart in motion as they plodded patiently behind it journeying on, followed the single man in his eager search for the "better times" will-o'-the-wist that keeps conveniently a little way ahead.

It was in the early summer of 1868, that one of these odd looking wanderers above described, came driving into Fort Buford from the west, having an old skinny cayuse and dilapidated springless wagon for "outfit." He was of German nationality, though he had some knowledge of English. He was about sixty years of age. He gave no name nor told of his destination, nor from whence. Poverty was his plea, when, as was customary with the military posts in those days, he expected a little help from the post com-

missary to reach the next fort, which in the line he was following was Fort Stevenson.

He turned up at this post in due time, and as at Fort Buford, played the hard up act around the post commissary for another supply of provisions for his use over the Fort Totten trail. He was served as before and the last seen of him by the garrison was himself and sorry looking rig winding along the trail near the mouth of Snake creek.

Among the mail carriers resting at the time of the old German's arrival at Fort Stevenson was a light-colored Red River half breed named McDonald. He was somewhat unsociable, but a good carrier and brave man. He left with the return mail for Fort Totten the next day after the German's departure.

When McDonald's mail was overdue at Fort Totten, much uneasiness was expressed at his non-appearance. As usual in such cases the mail was sent by a mounted detachment. They never met the carrier. When the Dog Den range were passed over they came in sight of the lake country on the Missouri side of the divide about forty miles of Fort Stevenson. Near Strawberry Lake, so named from the luscious strawberry that grows wild along its fruitful shore, though summer, black clouds of prairie fire smoke hung over the western horizon so that the sun seemed like

was in the saffron shadows of an almost total eclipse. To these mounted men feeling along by the dim trail, with great stretches of inky blackness on either side for miles and miles, everything had a strange cast. It was one of those murky-blue days what the frontiersman would expressively call "Injiny." The party reached the lake at sundown. They had observed before approaching, a solitary little wagon standing on a spot of green unburned grass near the pebbly shore of the lake. On approaching it, an old man was found face downward, scalped, with his hands and feet cut off. The wagon bed had been cut in pieces. The fire had burned every trace of "sign." The next morning on resuming their journey, they came upon a partly burned mail pouch, some half burned letters, and also a buckskin coat with two or three bullet holes and some blood marks upon it. The coat was readily recognized as McDonald's and the conclusions were at once made that though the mail carrier's body could not be found, a war party had raided the trail and these two men and possibly others were the victims.

But conclusions of a speculative nature are not always reliable. After events showed who the old German was. He came from the mining camp of Last Chance, and had sold a claim for forty thousand dollars in gold. The false bottom in the wagon contained this treasure.

No Indians had ever been known to have

traded the gold off at the neighboring posts, or if done, it was made a secret transaction. Meantime McDonald is reported to have been seen in Minnesota, and his or other skeletons of white men have been found around Strawberry Lake.

Two skeletons were found as late as 1886, a few miles south in another small lake. Bullet holes were found in their skulls, while ropes were tied to their necks with every appearance of having been dragged some distance.

As these last skeletons seemed from all appearance of a recent date, the probabilities pointed to work of Flopping Bill and the hired thugs of the syndicate cattle companies of eastern Montana, who raided lone ranches in a cowardly manner and hung and shot twenty-eight persons, many of them far better men than their murderers.

Of a Grave in the Black Hills.

AN old personal friend related to the writer some time since, an account of the death and burial during the first winter of Deadwood's history, of one who shall be nameless here; but the sombre thoughts it conjures up, ever remind one that to many of us, human life seems a kind of mirage of the outer circles of Norway's maelstrom. We start the journey of life in a little boat on the ocean's calm. If we set out upon a thoroughly defined line; on a well mapped course, where our bearings are well taken—with rudder, sail and oar well in hand,—we generally make a satisfactory finish. We have resisted the cross currents, defied contrary winds and stood proof against the deadening calm.

But if we drift out on the fathomless deep—rudderless, with furled sails, and with languid inaction, the craft falls easily in the slow, almost motionless current drifting slowly at first, yet drifting surely out to the great but almost imperceptible rim of the outer circle of currents of the great whirlpool that surely ends in an unfathomable, unknowable sepulchre.

It was such a train of thought on life's outward

bearings, and the hidden dangers that assail it, were suggested by my friend's closing account of a life wreck. The story, pitiful as it was, might have passed my mind as many another of its like had done, but personal recollection of an earlier day--and to the poor victim a happier one, gives me a painful interest in telling this plain, truthful story, yet hidden somewhat in some details, that the conduct of the nameless dead may not re-awaken sad thoughts to living friends.

My friend related, to me how he received word one wintry day on the streets of Dead-wood that a woman of the town was either dead or dying in an abandoned out house in an alley. A thought of all the circumstances of her life--for he had known her long and well--induced him to search that he might now find her and if not dead contribute something for comfort in her dying hour.

She was not dead but her last hour had come. On a "bunk" littered like a pig sty with a thin coating of broken straw lay the woman in a cold dark room, with but one companion--a female of another race, who though faults they may have, yet a virtue of theirs of so often having to care and care unselfishly, for the unfortunate and out cast in the hour of affliction.

Furniture and trimmings there were none, ex-

cept such as the shabbiest and poorest of miner's cabins were adorned. A copy of a novel was found, also a letter in answer to one that she had evidently addressed to some one for financial aid in her hour of sickness. The short answer told of its failure—"your brother says he has no sister."

My friend casually took up the copy of "McLeod of Dare," and found a marker toward the last of the book, which place the faithful nurse had told him she was frequently reading before she became so weakened with sickness. It was the last song of Black's hero as well as her own, and evidently reflected the state of her mind at the time. It reads thus :

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine ;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

There came to many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For draught of his sleepy wine !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

* * * * *

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,

As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them, in Death's black wine !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !"



In the winter of 1869-70, while passing the season among the woodchoppers and wolfers at the Tough Timber, I made the acquaintance of a young Texan who had spent his early boyhood in the vineyards in southern California, and the beginning of his early manhood among the wild bronchos of a horse ranch in eastern Oregon. A roving disposition found him later, on the Lower Missouri in one of Iowa's famed towns

While in that city a chance acquaintance threw him in the society of a young girl of an old and respectable family, which in a short space of time ripened into an affection that ended in marriage. The girl was a native Iowan and bloomed into womanhood early. At the time of her wedding she was scarcely more than fourteen years old.

The young man in question had but little of this world's goods, and after a short honeymoon, he accepted a flattering offer for one in his circumstances, and hired out as cook for an Upper Missouri woodyard at the Tough Timber.

In the distributions made at the woodyard of the stockade, lot threw the young Texan and I together as room mates, and while sitting over an evening fire in the cook room, he gradually

told his history; how his wife was won, and dwelt on the subject long and fondly. He anxiously counted the days that would elapse before the great river in front of our stockade would loosen its frozen fetters, and pleasantly anticipated the time when from the hurricane deck of a returning steamer, he might get sight of the city that contained, as he tenderly expressed it, "the finest little woman in the world."

Like hundreds of others similarly raised on our southwestern frontier, this young man had no education, and could neither read nor write in the simplest English. Now, of all times, he felt its need the most. There were hundreds of miles between him and his wife, it was true, yet as isolated as our woodyard was, eastern mail reached our door only a week old. The delicate duty of reading and answering confiding letters between husband and wife fell to my lot as the sequence of the Texan's neglected education.

Long years have flown by since then—years of sunshine, years of shadow,—yet recollection of those tender epistles, from the girl-wife to her husband remain as fresh as a memory of yesterday.

As the sun grew higher in the heavens on its daily course, and glad spring was being welcomed by the faithful little harbinger of warmer days, the soft chirping chickadee of the woodland, a new theme occupied a large space of the wife's letters.

She was then about to become a mother and her hopes and fears over the result and appeals for her husband's early return closed up the correspondence as far as the third party was concerned.

The summer following, the writer chased up and down the Fort Buford country, indulging in the exhilarating and pleasurable excitements of the regular daily send off, in Indian scares, with Sitting Bull and Long Dog as the dread faced jack-in-the-boxes that spring themselves up above the sage brush and grease wood around the fort which bears the name of the honored cavalryman who was one of the heroes of the civil war.

In the autumn, some nine of us started down the Missouri river as witnesses before the United States court at Yankton. As we drifted along on our lengthy trip we touched at woodyard, post and Indian camp, until the familiar fort was reached that sits so handsomely on the yellow plain below the sluggish waters of Douglas river. Down to the boat landing we slowly drifted to the tie-up.

Among the first of acquaintances to greet us here was the young Texan. He was a happy man. His wife and baby were now with him at the post. He was running an eating restaurant, in the interest of the post trader's store. "You must come up and see us—she knows you, I told her about the letters." I went to the threshold of his residence, and was introduced to a very beautiful girl with a neatly dressed child in her

arms, that heightened the effect of a pretty picture. A painful bit of news was in store for the Texan. A subpoena was served on him as a witness before the Yankton court; several weeks or months must elapse before his return. Meantime his wife and child must be left behind under the care of a trader in charge, whose villainous instincts were well known. There is but little more to tell. A subtle drug; a trumped up situation; a deserted child and a fallen woman.



With a Gros Ventres War Party.

ONE of the peculiar methods of the tribes of the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees, in making war upon the confederated bands of the Sioux was by cautiously descending the Missouri river in bull boats and when near their foe's camp, abandon the boats, make the strike in the night and retreat under cover of the darkness toward their homes in scattered bands.

The bull boat is to the Indians of the Upper Missouri, what the canoe was to the Indian of Upper Mississippi or of the northern lakes. The boats were formerly made from the tough hide of the buffalo bull, stretched green over a willow frame and shaped like a bowl. They will seat from two to five persons, and when not water soaked will weigh about twenty pounds.

The propelling is by large broad cottonwood paddles, the person holding them firmly pulling toward themselves from an outward motion. In this way rivers of swift currents are easily ferried over with scarcely a perceptible fall from the place of starting.

In the make up of boats for war parties the oldest are used, as they are abandoned during

the raid. As they are not even invulnerable to the common arrow point, the uses that such boats can be put to is simply for transportation or ferrying purposes.

In October 1871, Trapper Williams accompanied by the writer, came up to Fort Berthold, purchased a bull boat, and some supplies, proposed to "sign" up the country for beaver trapping purposes between that place and Heart river.

We sailed out of sight of the Agency one day in fine style in our tup-like craft, as it spun round and round like a tob following the channel in its serpentine course, striking from bank to bank and bar to bar, drifting slowly along with the low water stages of these autumn days.

After drifting several hours we reached the place called Weaver's Point, so named for the white man said to have been killed by order of the "medicine man" of the Aricarees. While busy in gathering faggots for a fire we were somewhat alarmed at the appearance of about twenty bull boats well filled with Indians, rapidly paddling toward us singing and yelling in great glee. On coming opposite us they espied our unfortunate give-away, the little bull boat, and we were soon surrounded by a war party of about forty Gros Ventres.

The pipe carrier or chief of the party was known to us as "The Man that Hunts his Enemy." He came forward in a dignified way and recog-

nizing from Trapper Williams' bearing that he was "head man" of the firm, warmly shook him by the hand. The Gros Ventre leader now told us that he was going to war against the Sioux, and turning to the writer at this juncture said: "You talk Sioux. You may be at heart a Sioux. But if not, and you are a friend to the Gros Ventres, you will accompany us,—if you do not we will take you."

The deer hunters sent out by the chief on their first arrival at camp, returned in about an hour with two deer, when a great feast was prepared with ceremonies as austere as those conventional affairs among the Washington diplomats at their state dinners. Trapper Williams "sate" upon the chief's right hand and the historian of the occasion on the left, while the rising young chief Crow Flies High was given a prominent position at this military feast. Loquaciousness ruled the hour. The "taciturn savage" that we read of is no relative of the Gros Ventres, especially during the dinner hour.

After dinner came a ceremonious smoke, in which the Man That Hunts his Enemy was principal figure. The smoke over, Williams and I, after a careful canvass of the situation, concluded to join the Gros Ventres through at least a part of the Sioux country, and "take chances" on the final outcome.

We passed Fort Stevenson without being discovered or interfered with by the military at that post ; passed the bluffs at the mouth of Snake creek at sundown, catching, as we went along the wild fury of a cyclonic storm, in which for self preservation we were forced to hand lock the entire flotilla making a large raft—an invaluable protection to the cut waves of the short bends.

We made supper at the Red Lake, long since a part of the wide Missouri. The ceremonies attending the evening feast were much the same as at dinner.

When night came we drifted on slowly in the light of a clear full moon. The quiet stillness of the midnight hour was first broken by the howling coyotes, after which the entire war party took up the refrain and with the thumping of drums and singing of songs we drifted towards the broad bars around the bend of Knife river.

Near daylight the singing ceased and the drowsy red warriors, lay snoring in their little cockle shell boats; the puncture of one by the least bit of a snag would soon land the craft and its sleepy occupants in the bottom of the channel waters. Our own boat had drifted on a bar in the middle of the river, and we awoke in the chilliness of the morning air to find that our joyful co-partners in war's distant alarms were hidden in morning mist that hung in places over the river.

Drifting along we came in sight of old Fort

Clark, where under a bluff near the river we espied our whilom commander, and "carrier of the pipe." He had landed from the boat and was perched upon a large beaver house. One ear was pressed against the side of the house, as if intently listening. So occupied was his mind that he did not notice our passing, though only a few yards away. Just as the sun was rising, Man That Hunts His Enemy came rapidly paddling after us. He was in high good humor. In answer to the question about his position on the beaver house, replied that he was "listening to the beaver talk," a remark that set the writer on a new train of thought that led to some interesting observations on the habits of the beaver family.

About an hour after sunrise, we pulled up our boats near Lake Mandan, where an old Aricaree put in an appearance and after greeting us all around, he invited my companion and myself to follow him. After winding a sinuous course through high willow thickets we came upon two dirt lodges well hidden.

This was the retreat of the Partisan, an Indian politician. He claimed by right the hereditary chieftainship of the Aricarees. But his claims were repudiated and he became a wandering pretender merely.

"Why do you go to war with these bad men?" asked the exiled chief thoughtfully, and referring to the Gros Ventres. "They go down to stir up the

Sioux who in turn come up here and hunt for such as I. Go back, Gros Ventres, go back."

After a good feast on the Partisan's stores of venison, we of the war party pulled out together for the Counted Woods where we stopped to kill some antelope, thence re-embarked for the Burnt Woods.

The Gros Ventres military discipline became more stringent as we invaded the enemy's country; they came in contact with the frontiersman's well known independent notions. Thus having in view the time honored couplet, —

"He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day,"

concluded at this juncture to divide honors with our warlike friends, so separated each party to pursue their own course of action.

A few days later the raiders came back to our camp at Painted Woods Lake. We made a feast of elk meat in a "return of the victor" style, — a "grand spread" that was served without desert. The party returned to their own village without honors of war, other than a captured government mule that carried the i. c. brand and which was soon after recovered by a woodchopper as his personal property. Thus ended the last Gros Ventres war raid against the Sioux, in a bull boat flotilla.

Jim Brooks the Gambler.

AMONG the new woodyards established along the Upper Missouri in 1869, was one located at an old abandoned winter village of the Gros Ventres, near the mouth of the Little Missouri river. Three young men, able-bodied and "foot loose," were the proprietors of this new venture in a section country known to be strictly dangerous ground, it being on the trail of a general Indian crossing of the main Missouri.

During the few months that they remained there, they had two or three "close calls." At one time their team was stolen, and at another time their hard earned wood was burned in the night, at other times they felt the swish of the deadly arrows around their ears from the hands of hidden foes.

The most noticable of this group of three was a tall young fellow, rather dark complexioned, and about twenty years of age. He was somewhat loquacious, though withal an agreeable conversationist. Jim Brooks is what his partners called him.

Brooks was the proud owner of a Hawkin-Spencer, the great gun of that time. One day

while handling the rifle in a careless manner, it was accidentally discharged and a part of Brooks' thumb went with the bullet. It being summer weather, the wounded hand demanded immediate attention, so the first boat was hailed, which proved to be an up one, with Fort Buford as the stopping place. As the party was already too small for so dangerous a neighborhood, the yard was left to "run itself," and the little party started on the same boat for the fort at the Yellowstone's mouth.

While at the fort during his convalescence, Brooks spent some of his leisure moments around about the quarters of the soldiers, watching them at their various games of cards.

Attention drew interest, and the next we hear of Brooks he was "taking a hand." It soon became evident to those around the boards that the novice held good cards, and in spite of the sore thumb, he had a deft knack at handling the pasteboards that astonished the trained gamsters of the garrison.

Sometime after this, when quite well, he left the post and wandered up the river and out through the northern gateway of the Rocky Mountains. He became self-confident in his new calling, and his almost uniform winning at simple games gave his ideas a spread, soon after, and he adopted the calling of a professional gambler.

We next hear of him as a man of note in his calling, and traveling southwest through the cities

of Denver, Santa Fé, and east again to the big cities of the Atlantic seaboard, where he became recognized as a very successful "sporting man" with the pleasant word Success always on his side.

But with all the glamour and glare that pays court to good luck, he had an occasional habit of suddenly leaving this uncertain way of life, and again appearing among his old associates on the Upper Missouri, abiding in good patience for a time with their isolated manner of life.

On these visits back along the river, the humble cabin of the writer was usually gladdened by the presence of Jim Brooks. To a friend, he was the most generous of men, and prodigal in his offers of friendship. During the great ice gorge of 1873, he came down from Fort Buford with a party of men and found us camping in a tent, the stockade and all its contents had been ground between the huge ice pieces and pushed out among the crushing masses on its road to the sea. Though in a hurry to reach the railroad, Brooks, noting my situation, halted the entire party, put them at work erecting a new set of buildings, would take nothing by way of reimbursement, and then continued on his way.



During a blustery November day in 1880, there came into Fort Abraham Lincoln, from the west, a magnificent train of mules that was admired wherever seen. When it became known that the

owner was the well known Jim Brooks. People well wondered what next on the cards of the erratic gambler. He had lately made a "stake" at the gaming tables in San Francisco, and taken a sudden fancy that the character of a "wagon boss" would be his for a time. He had come east as far as Cheyenne, purchased this splendid wagon train and was now coming to Bismarck to surprise his friends with a new whim.

On the day of his arrival at Fort Abraham Lincoln he had come from his last night's camp some fifty miles distant, with a before breakfast oath that he would dance a quadrille with a certain woman in a certain dance house at the hour of midnight. He kept his word. But the midnight chime also recorded the death rattle in his throat. He had incurred the wild jealousy of a Fort Lincoln soldier and fell by a bullet from his hands. An assassination, cowardly planned and cruelly executed—a remorse that followed in its untiring rounds until conscience if not justice was satisfied.



The season following the Brooks murder, some parties in making a skiff journey along the Missouri, had, on passing the heavy point of cottonwood below the mouth of Little Heart river, seen small skiff at anchor. It was in a little bayou half hidden by an intricate mass of willows. On examination they found that the skiff had not been

disturbed for some time. Not far from the spot were the remains of a campfire, with a rusted tin cup, frying pan, and some other dishes of camp equipage. But another object drew their attention. It was that of the body of a partly decomposed man lying on a roll of blankets. A pistol lay by his side with one shot discharged and a solitary bullet hole through the skull, evidently from the pistol at his arms length. Was it murder or was it suicide? That was the question propounded by the finders of the unknown dead man.

A coroner's jury partly answered it. The corpse was identified as that of Brooks' murderer. The pistol was of the same calibre and the hole in the skull in the same part that he had sped it through poor Brooks' head when it sent him to his eternal rest.

North Dakota Penitentiary.

DURING the month of January, 1886, I accepted an invitation from the warden of the North Dakota Penitentiary, located within one mile of the capital city of Bismarck, to visit him, and I therefore became guest of that officer for a few days, to see whatever of interest there was to look upon within those grim walls of rock and iron.

Penitentiaries are places to which few people care to go on a visit from motives of mere curiosity, and consequently the place is not much intruded upon by the application of visitors to see those who are answering by their presence an enforced penitence for "my trouble," as the prisoners delicately speak of the crime of which they have been convicted.

This institution was built in 1865, and consequently everything about the place at the time, inside and out, looked fresh, neat and clean. A feeling of an incomprehensible gloom always pervades an aged prison—a reflex as it were of the brooding and gloomy minds within the sunless walls around them.

A life prisoner is little better than one buried

alive—old friends and acquaintances fall off and forget him, and no chance to form new ones. He seldom sees the sun, moon and stars. No fresh air, no green trees and no flowers, save those odorless ones upon the casements. His life is a horror at the best.

Some months ago there was incarcerated in the Sioux Falls Penitentiary a young attorney, who had been placed there mainly through the instrumentality of his wife—a heartless and extravagant woman, who sought this means of ridding herself of her husband for another she had already selected. The law of the land gave her the right of divorce on her husband's conviction and sentence, so by that course, she avoided the long and tedious application for the granting of a divorce through the courts, which may have been in the end a failure.

At the Bismarck institution I witnessed an affair of a different ending. Some two years ago a young man of good connections was convicted of a homicide and sentenced to four years hard labor in the Penitentiary. He had some months before his trouble married a most estimable and beautiful young girl, the daughter of wealthy parents from eastern Iowa, and people of the highest social position in that great State. From the hour of the beginning of the young husband's misfortune she devoted every moment of her time and a large portion of her wealth to save

him from conviction in the courts, and she failing hovered around about the cage of her imprisoned mate, ever ready to prove her devotion and to minister to his wants, save when the cold hand of discipline, and the rules of the prison, forbid. Her husband's good behavior and her own persistent efforts in his behalf were rewarded at last. A changed public opinion made it an easy matter for the acting Governor to grant a full pardon, and I was pleased to see the happy young lady lead forth her husband past bars and doors to the open air a free man. The wish of all who saw this scene was that he might never be obliged to test the devotion of his faithful wife again.

There is seldom a conviction of a criminal but that it entails suffering more or less upon his innocent family or friends. It is the thought of this that often does, as it should, stay the arm of the passionate or revengefully disposed. But, then again, there are those blinded to all consequences—the blow was struck—the deed was done and scenes like the following that happened on the first day of my visit take place :

A young man was convicted for manslaughter and sentenced to twelve years hard labor. His uncle is the head of one of the wealthiest wholesale houses of Minnesota, and his father too, is wealthy and a man of high social position. Famous high priced lawyers had been retained at great expense, yet thanks to an



DAN WILLIAMS, WARDEN NORTH DAKOTA PENITENTIARY



honest jury and an upright Judge, justice was not altogether thwarted. He was now in convict's garb, and the venerable, careworn old father had come to bid him good-bye. It was Sunday and services were going on, the prison choir commenced to sing, accompanied by the solemn-toned organ,—

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me

'T would be an assurance most dear,

To know that this moment some loved one,

Were saying I wish he were here?

To feel that the group at the fireside,

Were thinking of me as I roam

Oh, yes 'twould be joy beyond measure,

To know that they miss me at home.

* * * * *

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me

At morning, at noon, or at night?

And lingers one gloomy shade round them,

That only my presence can light?

Are joys less invitingly welcome,

And pleasures less hale than before,

Because one is missed from the circle,

Because I am with them no more?

The sad tones of the organ seemed to go to the father's heart, for after casting his eye upon the troubled features of his boy he turned his face to the wall and burst into a flood of tears. "Oh am I crazy,—oh am I crazy," he said as he rocked his body to and fro in mental anguish. I could stand it no longer and passed out of the room.

Early one morning a letter came up for the

warden's inspection from the cell room. It was from a convict who said in substance that this was his second term in prison, that his father had died in jail, that his mother was now serving at Joliet, and that his only brother was also serving a long term at Fort Madison, Iowa.

"I am bred and born a thief," he went on, 'and if free to-morrow I could not help stealing. As I am no use and all harm in the world, I may as well die, and to that end have pounded up and swallowed nearly a pint of glass. There is no help for me now. If there is a hell and I go there it will make but little difference if I go sooner than I might. If there is a heaven and I go there, the sooner I go the better. And if there is neither heaven nor hell, it will make no difference any how."

The warden instantly telephoned for the prison physician, and with a deputy warden hastened down to the cell with a quart of oil, pried open the jaws of the would be suicide, and poured the contents down his throat. By a miracle his life was saved, though he had to be closely watched from making another attempt when an opportunity presented. In searching the prisoner's cell nothing particular was found. The last two verses of Cowper's "Castaway" were pinned on the wall. The Castaway, it will be remembered, was the last production during the last lucid interval of that

unfortunate poet. We quote the two verses:

"I therefore purpose not or dream,
Discanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date ;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

"No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

Among the "trusties" was one Finnegan, a young innocent-faced Hibernian who drove the warden's team to and fro to the city. This was Theodore Roosevelt's "bad man" so graphically described in the Century Magazine, and his book of a ranchmen's life in the Little Missouri bad lands. He had stolen the ranchman's skiff and for which he was "doing time" to the extent of two years and a half.

The prison is heated by steam and at the time of my visit, while the thermometer marked from forty to forty-five degrees below zero on the outside of the walls, trailing vines were growing and flowers blooming in earthen pots set in casements around the cell room. The food for the prisoners was unstinted in quality. Almost all civilized nationalities are represented by birth among the prisoners and the crimes for which

they are convicted, varies in all shades of the criminal calendar. They as a rule, however, were not of the hardened class, being but one "lifer" among the whole number.







CHIEF JOSEPH.

The Winnebagoes.

No tribe of Indians in the northwest has suffered so much causeless injustice from their white neighbors, or from the authorities at Washington, as the Winnebagoes.

The home of these people when the whites first found them was within the present state of Wisconsin. After being treated with they were moved from place to place through the efforts of the land speculators, who always found a convenient charge to bring against them when the Indians' lands and improvements were needed to satisfy the inordinate craving some land grabbers have for the possessions of the red men. An inherited disease, as it were, dating from our earlier history.

In February, 1855, the ninth treaty was made between the chiefs of this tribe and the government that they should be permitted to select their lands on the Blue Earth river in southwestern Minnesota. Here the tribe settled the same spring, highly satisfied with their new home, and immediately commenced building houses and improving land. So well had they succeeded, that the Government agent at St. Paul, in 1860, reported of them as follows:

"There have been raised by individual Indians as high as sixty acres of wheat alone on a single farm. The reservation presents the appearance of as much improvement as the surrounding country ; and in fact, when viewing the comfortable log and frame houses that dot the reservation as far as the eye can reach, it presents a far different scene than is usual to be found upon Indian reservations, for wigwams are becoming as rare as houses were but two years since."

The same year the superintendent of the school reported 188 pupils enrolled, of which sixty-two were instructed in the ordinary English branches, and had "as much educational capacity as can be found in any school of an equal size."

But the Sioux war of 1862 came, and with it the blasted hopes of the Winnebago Indians, as far as their Minnesota home was concerned. Charges were made that Little Priest, an influential chief of the Winnebagoes, in company with four of his band, was on a secret trip to the Yellow Medicine, where they met some of the Sioux leaders, just previous to the outbreak in August 2nd, 1862. In vain Little Priest denied the accusation. In vain the Winnebagoes appealed to their record of unbroken hostility to the Sioux and their loyalty to the whites, to allay their hostility. They were Indians, and that was enough. A special act passed Congress for their removal to the bleak Crow creek reservation, in Dakota.

They were removed in May and June, 1863. Several months after their ejection from their homes, the writer, then serving a short term of soldiering in Col. Sawyer's Mounted (Iowa) Battalion, passed over their abandoned reservation on the Blue Earth.

From what could be learned from some of the late Agency employees the scenes during the removal were pitiful, and were a reminder of the distressful scenes that occurred during the removal of the Cherokees from their mountain homes in Georgia. They acted like a people utterly bewildered. They threw their property to the right and to the left—"give it to the sun," as the Indian would express it. They seemed to feel that life to them was at an end.

Their new reservation at Crow creek, fully justified their worst fears. Dumped out on a cheerless, unsheltered sand bank, they passed the winter—or such of them as did not succumb—in a semi-state of starvation.

During the winter they dug out some canoes, and at the first running of the ice in the break-up they started down the river with the intention of reaching the Omaha Indians below Sioux City. They were, however, halted by the military of Fort Randall and compelled to encamp there. It was here I met these Indians in March, 1864. They were suffering from hunger, and at least

one Winnebago per day was killed by Sioux during my stay in camp opposite the fort.

Sometime in May they passed down to the Omaha reservation, where they have since remained.

Little Priest, feeling by some perversion of fortune his name was bandied as in some way the cause of his people's misery, became somewhat of a recluse. He was seen on the headwaters of the Little Sioux river, in 1865, where, with a solitary lodge, he encamped along the unfrequented places of the stream for the purposes of hunting and trapping.

Pawnee Joe, one of Major North's scouts, tells about the last seen of Little Priest. The chief had joined Col. Carrington's command as sergeant of scouts for the Big Horn expedition of 1866. A party of scouts were surrounded by Cheyennes, they started to "retire," when Little Priest facing his enemies said as he did so: "I am hunting death, not life." The Cheyennes were around him in an instant and he was not disappointed.



NEW TIMERS.

Some Subjects of Our Illustrations.

SON OF THE STAR, chief of the Aricarees, who died a few years since, was a very able man. For twenty years he led every fight of any consequence in which the Fort Berthold bands were engaged against the Sioux and other enemies. In council he was sound and logical—and was able to control his young men—a power that many of the ablest chiefs frequently complain that they are unable to do. His memory is much revered by Aricarees. The son of this leader is the present head chief of the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Aricarees.

Chief John Grass, of the Blackfeet Sioux, is Chief Justice of the upper Sioux court for the trial of offences committed between Indians. His residence is at the Standing Rock Agency, where also he holds his court. Chief John Grass is about forty-five years of age, rather tall and of commanding presence. His father, Grass, was chief of the Blackfeet band of the Sioux for nearly forty years. He was a staunch friend of the whites and held absolute control over his band during some of the most critical hours of their

history. His headquarters was on the Moreau river, near its confluence with the Missouri.

Chief John inherits many of the best qualities of his father, and as chief, successfully carried the Blackfeet through the intricate situations in which the late Sioux war placed them. He remained at the Agency during this entire period. His defense of Kill Eagle, one of his under chiefs, before a commission of military officers in the fall of 1876, was regarded as a masterly effort and he was at once placed in the front rank of Indian orators.

The few settlers along the Missouri between Fort Rice and Fort Berthold in 1869, remember with kindness his attitude toward them while in command of the war party spoken of in the sketch of the War Woman, who under considerable provocation under what he considered unwarranted military interference between the belligerent Indian tribes. On the retreat he commanded his men to "touch no white men or their property at your peril."

Joseph Deitrich is one of the '69ers of the Missouri slope. He was born in Wisconsin forty-five years ago. Was clerking at Fort Berthold in 1870; partner of Charley Reynolds in hunting in 1871; stuck the first stake on the townsite of North Dakota's capital in 1872; and at present is a prominent business man of the same city.

James B. Gayton of Emmons county, North Dakota, was the first register of deeds in Dakota, being appointed by Governor Jayne, its first executive. He has been chairman of board of commissioners of Emmons county for several years, and was that county's representative to the constitutional convention at Bismarck in July, 1889. A worthy pioneer is Gayton.

At the Painted Woods, on one of the closing days of October, 1877, General Miles and his command encamped to shelter themselves from a raging snow storm. By the side of that officer rode Chief Joseph the captive leader of the Nez Percés, who in the writer's opinion is by far the most remarkable Indian ever produced among the wild North American tribes since the continent's discovery and occupation by Europeans.

In the rear of the two leaders rode the Nez Percés captives, who but a few days before had made their last heroic stand in defence of true manhood among the ravines of the Bear Paw mountains.

Chief Joseph is the only Indian within the writer's knowledge or experience where the frontiersmen, who usually try and find plenty of excuses for hating the Indian, have in Nez Percés leader the one representative of the red race for whom



JAMES B. GAYTON.







LONG FEATHER, THE PEACEMAKER.

they have but the kindest words of praise and admiration.

During the latter part of the long bitter warfare between the Sioux and Aricarees, there used to appear alternately in each of these camps an Indian named Long Feather; who came as a self-appointed messenger of peace and good will between the warring tribes. He is a half-breed Sioux and Aricaree, and his knowledge of both languages and his inter-tribal privileges as a half breed enabled him in the end to accomplish much in his efforts of good will.

On his journey between the tribes, Long Feather was always accompanied by wife and family. He lived in a skin lodge, which with three ponies in pack, moved his effects from one camp to another. The Painted Woods was a favorite camping place of this red dispenser of the olive. No memory of the frontier days among those giant painted cottonwoods along the Missouri, brings back such pleasant reminders as the occasional visits of Long Feather the Peacemaker.

